

# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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## Notice to Newsdealers.

The extraordinary demand already apparent for the magnificent national picture of

**"The Horse Tamer"**  
to be published as a supplement to the next number of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, renders it probable that the supply, though vast, will be exhausted before all the orders shall have been filled. We cannot too earnestly recommend that dealers send in their orders immediately. When we published the "FISHERMAN'S PRIDE," many were disappointed through their delay in applying for copies, and as the

**"The Horse Tamer,"**  
promises to become popular to an unprecedented degree, we but consult the interests of our patrons in urging the advantages of a prompt application. We shall not be able to supply any copies after the sale of the first edition.

## A Yankee Blade in a Sheffield Handle.

In the absence of a full report of Mr. Johnson's speech at the dinner given by the Master Cutlers at Sheffield, we are left to supply by conjecture the meagre outline transmitted by the cable. The general tone may be guessed by the effect produced upon the audience, which we are assured was one of complete satisfaction; and the correction of the error of Mr. Roebuck, who had affirmed the heterogeneousness of the population of the United States, met with warm applause.

It is just possible that the audience derived as much pleasure from seeing Mr. Roebuck snubbed as from hearing Mr. Johnson's views on a novel subject. Politeness to foreigners is not a very hard virtue to practice even in the manufacturing districts in England, but it must become a positive pleasure when it can be used also as a rebuke to such a notorious curmudgeon as Mr. Roebuck.

It was said of Cuvier, or of Owen, that, give him a single fossil bone, and he would con-

struct from it the entire animal of which it had formed a part, and demonstrate its habits and mode of life. Without going so far in the effort to reconstruct Mr. Johnson's speech, enough has been disclosed by the cabled report to enable us to judge of its scope and tendency. It was eminently conciliatory; and, when we consider the grounds on which a different tone might have been justified, it is no wonder that the Sheffield notables expressed a heartfelt delight. We will not go as far as some of our contemporaries in condemning the manufacturers of that town for having sold arms to the Southern Confederacy, because everybody is well aware that they sold to us, with equal alacrity, all we wanted to buy. Northern and Southern agents were frequently bidding against each other for the same goods, and we know no law of commercial morality which condemns a tradesman for disposing of his wares to two equally good customers, because the two have different political opinions. But quite apart from what Sheffield did, or omitted to do, it is notorious

that the causes of complaint that the American people have against England are neither few nor light. Time has perhaps toned down the excessive rancor which, no doubt, was for a long period the measure of our feelings toward our perfidious friend. Then, again, the sort of half apologies made by many of her leading men, the anxious endeavors of the Government to modify the existing neutrality laws, so that no repetition of the Alabama iniquity can happen, and more than this, the knowledge we now have that our cause was more warmly espoused than we imagined by large classes of the people whose sympathies were not less assured, whose influence was not less felt by those above and around them, because they did not find loud expression in the public press—these things have lessened our anger; and while we mildly insist upon the Alabama claims being settled, it is generally felt that an ample acknowledgment from the English Government that they had been wrong would be even more valuable than the payment of the small sum of money in question. No



THE DEPARTURE OF THE CHINESE EMBASSY FOR EUROPE—HON. ANSON BURLINGAME AND THE CHINESE AMBASSADORS AND SUITE EMBARKING FOR LIVERPOOL ON BOARD THE STEAMER JAVA, AT JERSEY CITY, SEPTEMBER 9TH.—SEE PAGE 19.

one can doubt that the British public is just now in a very conciliatory mood toward the United States. It might be ill-natured to say that nothing but self-interest prompts such feelings. Only Mr. Train, or the Fenian leaders, will dwell upon the fact that English manufacturers enriched themselves by our quarrel, and are anxious for our custom, now that peace is made. Less embittered minds will take pleasure in observing that, from whatever causes—if from community of interests, so much the better—the two branches of the Anglo-Saxon race are drawing more closely together, and that their strife henceforward will be who shall be foremost in the arts of peace.

And this brings us to an idea which appears to have been put forward by Mr. Johnson, which, though not new to many of the advanced minds of both countries, may have had the charm of novelty when addressed to a convivial meeting, and that is, the grand confederacy of the Anglo-Saxon race. Identical in origin, having the same language, and therefore the same literature, similar laws, and equal love of civil and religious freedom, this race sees itself fast spreading over the world, destroying, as by some immutable law, where it cannot absorb, yet assimilating other races to itself whenever no inherent antagonism exists, but always advancing, dauntless and unconquerable. Is it then a hopeless dream that this race shall be, in some future more or less remote, united politically, as it is now by a thousand other ties? There are many thoughtful men who imagine that such an epoch is not far off, and we cannot doubt that so tempting a subject for oratory was presented by our Minister in its most seductive form.

Perhaps the few words of controversy with Mr. Roebuck may have been like the dispute as to the gold or silver sides of the shield. Mr. Roebuck knew that the emigration to the United States was enormous. He knew that the Irish formed, what is called in newspaper phraseology, a political element. More than this, that they had the power of combining for purely Irish purposes; and, bearing in mind the Fenian invasion of Canada, and the Fenian disturbances in Ireland, Mr. Roebuck might have good grounds for his opinion. Then he must have read of the German power in this State, and how it affected the temperance question—of settlements of Swedes and Welsh, where nothing but their native tongues were spoken, and he concluded we were a heterogeneous people. Mr. Johnson took a wider and more statesmanlike view. He might safely concede Mr. Roebuck's premises, but deny his conclusions. He knew of the gradual process of absorption continually going on, of the status of the second generation of these emigrants, and of the way in which specific differences disappeared under the influence of the ruling race, and still more under the influence of institutions by which all are benefited, and in which each individual has a share. These things are not written in books, they are the results of careful observation. Mr. Roebuck has had no opportunities for such observation. Hence his ignorance; and we hope he, and such as he, will have profited by Mr. Johnson's instructions.

#### FRANK LESLIE'S

#### ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

537 Pearl Street, New York.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 26, 1868.

NOTICE.—We have no traveling agents. All persons representing themselves to be such are imposters.

#### IMPORTANT NOTICE!

The extraordinary success attending the publication of the beautiful picture entitled "THE FISHERMAN'S PRIDE," drawn and printed in oils by William Dickey, of London, and published in February last as a supplement to No. 647 of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, induced Mr. Leslie to negotiate with the same unrivaled artist for another production of similar character. Mr. Leslie, having purchased the sole right of publishing the Chromographic works of William Dickey in this country, with natural deference to American sentiment, selected an American theme for this picture, and secured the services of the late lamented Emanuel Leutze to transfer it to canvas.

The following correspondence will be interesting in this connection:

WILLARD'S HOTEL, Washington, March 3.

Frank Leslie, Esq.:—  
DEAR SIR—I am here since Sunday morning, and although I have not seen the General, I have made inquiries of Generals Badeau and Parker, and have made up my mind, after reading his father's letters, to represent him as "Horse Tamer" while still a lad. Phil-hippo—Horse lover, snow scene, woods, grand horse Dave, small boy guiding him, dark on light background—will be done soon. Yours truly,

E. LEUTZE.

444 14TH ST., WASHINGTON, Monday, 23.

Frank Leslie, Esq.:—  
MY DEAR SIR—I enclose receipt for the picture, which I sent to-day by Adams' Express.  
I hope it may meet your approbation.  
My idea is, "The Horse Tamer." I intend to represent "how he taught Dave to pace."  
By "Horse Tamer" I think of classical times—the

"Discourses," Castor and Pollux, the great horse tamers—Philip of Macedonia, the father of Alexander the Great—the tamer of Bucephalus.

Washington was known as a great horse tamer.  
I love the man (Grant), and will do everything for him.

Yours, sincerely, E. LEUTZE.

It will be seen by the above that the subject of the picture, in printed oils, that we are about to introduce to the American public, is

#### THE HORSE TAMER;

or,

#### THE BOY ULYSSES S. GRANT TEACHING DAVE TO PACE.

This picture was painted by Mr. Leutze, in Washington, shortly before his death, a circumstance which makes it precious beyond its intrinsic value. It was, immediately after its completion, forwarded to Mr. William Dickey, to be printed by chromographic process; and Mr. Leslie, having just received the copies ordered, is able to announce that this beautiful work of art will be published as a Supplement to THE NEXT NUMBER (No. 679) of

Frank Leslie's

#### ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

Many newsdealers were unable to obtain a sufficient number of copies of the "FISHERMAN'S PRIDE," in consequence of their delay in sending in their orders. They preferred to wait for proofs of the picture, and found that the supply was not equal to the demand. We respectfully suggest the advantage of forwarding orders for the "HORSE TAMER" as soon as possible.

#### The New Story in our Next Number.

In order that our next number may be in all its features worthy the great national picture, "THE HORSE TAMER," that is to be its supplement, we will publish in its pages the opening chapters of a new serial story, entitled,

#### "VIERGIE,"

the latest production of the celebrated French writer

#### Mario Uchard,

This will be continued in our columns from number to number to its close. It is impossible for the American public to conceive, from the works of English authors, anything like the peculiar charm, the strange fascination and thrilling interest of this remarkable literary production. It tells of mysteries of the human heart, of woman's heart especially, that carry the reader spellbound from chapter to chapter, and so soon as the meaning of the story dawns upon the mind, it seems chained to those glowing pages by a magnetic influence. To the ladies this romance will appeal irresistibly, for it is one of those tender, earnest, passionate and absorbing domestic dramas that excite the tenderest emotions, and awaken the intensest interest.

#### The State Democratic Platform.

The Democratic party in this State had a singular advantage in framing their platform, had they chosen to take advantage of it; but, like the blind leading the blind, they have fallen into the ditch. We will not pretend entire satisfaction with the platform laid down by the Republican party, but defective as it is, it expresses the sentiments of the American people far more closely than its rival. We may acknowledge, too, that even this latter does not look as bad as it did, now that the State Democratic Convention has presented to the public the advanced views of the party, redolent with every treason, for the suppression of which we went through a bloody war.

The State Convention has thrown away a good opportunity for modifying or softening much that was obnoxious to the public in the utterances of the National Convention. Policy at least would have dictated a certain reserve in questions on which the public voice had not yet been heard. An affectation of modesty would have been becoming, even if the reality had not been there. The National Convention was comparatively decent in dress and moderate in language. Its younger sister, the State Convention, throws off all disguise. It struts in public bedecked with all the tawdry finery of a wanton, and shocks the ears of respectable people by the scoldings of a demure.

To read the first and second sections, a stranger would imagine that the Southern seceding States were being very badly used. From the tone in which their immediate restoration under the Constitution is demanded, no one could imagine that they had lately waged a desperate war against that Constitution, and that they had dedicated their "lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honors" to the establishment of a rival government. Amnesty is demanded as a right, whereas the very term implies an act of grace. The Democrats raise a loud howl about the restoration of civil rights, meaning only to white citizens, conveniently ignoring the maintenance of the

civil rights of the negroes secured by the fourteenth amendment.

But it is in the third and fourth sections we find most to condemn. It is with sorrow and shame that we see any portion of our fellow-citizens so lost to a sense of honor, that for political purposes they will consent to make traffic of our national integrity and good faith. We say for political purposes, because we feel sure that all this chatter about repudiation, and taxing bonds which the faith of the nation is pledged not to tax, will cease when the election is over, and when as a political cry it will be useless. The latest utterances of Mr. Thaddeus Stevens on this subject were of incalculable injury to his party, but as the influence these exerted for a time is wearing away, we see with pleasure an unmistakable tendency in his followers to come back to the true fold, where alone honor and honesty are to be found.

The fifth section—demanding uniform currency for all classes—is incomprehensible. Perhaps it is a conundrum.

The sixth, relating to reforms in administration, would be a cruel sarcasm if addressed to the Democratic party. The seventh is a mere "gag," because its framers knew perfectly well that treaties were being rapidly concluded with all European powers in relation to placing native-born and naturalized citizens on an equal footing. The eighth is a sprat to catch a herring; and the ninth, and last, is the most splendid bit of humbug the political campaign has produced. Compliments are the cheapest and most nauseous food any out-going office-holder can be offered. Poor Andrew Johnson, why do the Democrats praise you? If they admire so much your fidelity, your constancy, and all that sort of thing, why did they not nominate you as their Presidential candidate?

"Perhaps they did right to dissemble their love, But why did they kick you down-stairs?"

We are happy, however, to find there is one subject on which we can cordially agree with the Democratic party, and that is in the necessity for an honest and efficient administration of the State canals. But though agreeing with them in the object, we fear we shall diverge widely when the mode of attaining it comes to be discussed. The Democrats would still keep the Canal administration within the sphere of politics. We, on the contrary, have a profound conviction that public works can be neither usefully, wisely, nor economically carried on, unless entirely disconnected from political parties of every kind. As examples of what we mean, we point to our Croton Water Works, and our Central Park, which are the only great public works we have an unmixed pleasure in showing to our foreign visitors, and in which our citizens themselves can take real delight. It is simply because the touch of political parties has not soiled these works that they are what they are; and if the Canal administration could be cut loose from the political vampires who now drain its resources, we are convinced that, instead of being a public reproach, these splendid works would be the ornament and glory of the State.

When the Democratic party refused by a trick, as recent developments show, to nominate Mr. Chase as their candidate, they threw away their only chance of dividing the Republicans, and thus obtaining another lease of power.

As if to alienate as many right-thinking men as possible, they constructed a platform which repelled, instead of attracting the wavering, and now the State Convention "betrays the instruction," and like Rehoboam, where its father (the National Convention) chastised the people with whips, it chastises them with scorpions. At least it deserves some praise for its honesty, and if by any deplorable misfortune the Democrats elect their candidates, the nation knows clearly what it has to expect.

#### Carrying Concealed Weapons.

AGAIN has the community been shocked by a cruel homicide. For the sole provocation of speaking disrespectfully of a man's wife, a well-known citizen was shot dead by her husband. It is not too much to say that out of the United States no such crime could have stained the annals of any city in Christendom. And we may say further, in more immediate connection with our present subject, that but for the semi-civilized practice of carrying pistols on the person, this disgraceful homicide could not have occurred.

We have repeatedly taken occasion in these columns to point out the singular omission of firearms in the list of enumerated weapons which may not be legally carried. No doubt the inference in the minds of most people is, that they violate no law in thus arming themselves, and it is difficult to resist the conclusion that the Legislature in Albany, if they did not mean to authorize a practice so degrading to true manhood, did not, at least, intend to discourage it. It is indeed not at all improbable that the members of the Legislature might not be averse to preventing one another from carrying such personal ornaments as swordcanes, billys, and brass-knuckles; but they must have been well aware that one-half at least of

their body would rather render themselves liable to the penalties for wearing revolvers in their pockets, than part with such pleasant and useful companions. If we can suppose that the necessary addition to the existing prohibitory law were made, we might indulge our fancy by picturing to ourselves the scene of the Sergeant-at-arms searching the members, or obliging them to lay on the Speaker's table, as votive offerings, the unlawful contents of their pockets.

If our Legislators can ever be awakened to a sense of their duties, there are two remedies they may apply to this curse of society—the habit of carrying firearms. The first is to include pistols in the list of prohibited weapons, and, even if they should denounce themselves in so doing, declare such a crime infamous. The next is, to make the drawing or using of a concealed weapon proof of intent to commit a felony. It might be beneficial also to raise the degree of manslaughter when committed by a weapon unlawfully carried. Thus, a homicide which otherwise would have been of the second degree, shall, under such circumstances, carry a conviction as for the first, and so on in relation to the other degrees.

Our rowdy classes must first be disarmed by some severe examples of punishment, and when security of life has been raised to a higher point than at present, we may hope that respectable citizens will cease a practice for which they now plead the excuse, a miserable one as it is, that self-protection obliges them to go armed.

#### Mercantile Library Association.

##### FORTY-SEVENTH ANNUAL REPORT.

If increasing prosperity be a test of real merit, this literary association has warm claims on the public. It has passed manfully through the clouds of adversity which always hang round the early years of such institutions, and may now be considered as settled on a steadfast foundation. From 4,085 active members and 65,751 volumes in 1862, the numbers have risen to 10,718 active members and 95,673 volumes. So large and constantly increasing a library creates some anxiety as to its safety against fire in the poorly constructed building where it is now lodged, and it is with real satisfaction that we learn that the first steps have been taken toward the accumulation of a fund for the erection of a suitable edifice.

When we come to look into the character of the books purchased during the year, we find that out of 9,357 furnished by the Mercantile Library, nearly one-half, 4,649, are works of fiction. But the Clinton Hall Association, which contributes 2,292 volumes to the common stock, appears to despise such frivolous literature, for not one novel appears in its list. We may presume that so large a proportion of fiction is found too great a dead weight even for the library of the Mercantile Association, since a difficulty is found in disposing of duplicate numbers, and it is recommended that, instead of being a public reproach, these splendid works would be the ornament and glory of the State.

When the Democratic party refused by a trick, as recent developments show, to nominate Mr. Chase as their candidate, they threw away their only chance of dividing the Republicans, and thus obtaining another lease of power.

There are some verbal errors in the Report, which a careful revision would have avoided, which produce an unpleasant impression. Perhaps a knowledge of the first rules of grammar is not an essential qualification of a good Treasurer, but surely Mr. Coffin had some friends who would correct two such palpable blunders as we find in page 39. Mr. Wilson G. Hunt is made to say that "the Mercantile Library and the reading-room presents to the young a pleasant home in winter and summer." We suppose the proof-reader is in fault, for it is impossible that the President of a literary association could make such a slip, even by accident.

#### Commencement of the Fall Dramatic Season.

The fall theatrical campaign has begun in earnest. All the New York theatres have opened for the season, technically known in the profession as the season of 1868-9, if we except the Academy of Music, Pike's Opera House, and the French Theatre. The Boston and Philadelphia houses have also commenced business, and, taking time by the forelock, Mr. Pugh has dashed into his fall tour with Fanny Kemble, which from its opening promises to be a complete pecuniary success.

Under the management of Mr. Barney Williams, the quasi-legitimate drama, in the shape of "Queen Elizabeth," for a time, holds possession of the Broadway boards, with Mrs. F. W. Lander performing the principal part. It would be needless at present to reiterate the criticism which we have formerly given to her assumption of one of the most difficult characters to portray upon the stage, in the modern drama. August, a twelvemonth past, when she first appeared in it, we pronounced it, in every respect, fully equal to the assumption of the same part by Madame Ristori. Nor do we feel at all inclined to modify that opinion. Widely differing from the rendering by the fair Italian, as it is, while less dignified, more intensely dramatic, and justifies us in considering Mrs. Lander the greatest American actress, in her line of the legitimate drama, at present upon our stage. She is supported by two of the able artists who appeared with her last year—Mr. T. H. Taylor and Mr. G. Becka. Both of

whom, and more especially the latter, more prominently justify the warm opinion we then expressed concerning their merits. A promise was half made the public of producing "Marie Antoinette" before the close of Mrs. Landre's engagement. But we understand the business done with "Elizabeth" is so large, that it is highly improbable any other piece will be produced during the unfortunately too brief continuance of this admirable artist at the Broadway.

A very old friend has this season made a tarrying-place at Dodworth Hall. This is Signor Blitz, the first magician in the higher branches of his art who startled New York into a semi-belief in modern *diablerie*. Having been somewhat more or less than half a century before the American public, it might not unnaturally have been fancied that years would have begun to tell upon his prestidigitorial and ventriloquial faculties. But—no! He has used his control of the hidden powers of life, apparently, with a thoroughly happy effect upon his own age. He is as lightsome, as mercurial and vivacious as ever. Who could believe that this agreeable little wizard is a father of a full-blown *soprano*, who is now gathering vocal laurels throughout Europe? Yet, so it is. His performance is now completely unique. As a ventriloquist, Blitz is a "master." Rarely or never have we listened to a more wonderful and more mirth-provoking display of the powers of this strange gift. If not a wit, he is most amusing, and the continuous bursts of laughter from his audience bear a complete testimony to this fact. His trained canaries are a marvelous little band of performers—firing cannon, pulling wagons, marching *à la militaire*, and developing a sense and dramatic propriety in their manœuvres, which argues that Blitz would be an invaluable adjunct to a traveler like Gordon Cumming. We believe he could persuade a lion to come along and be killed in a quiet and reasonable manner. As an original exhibition of magic, and a most various and amusing entertainment in every respect, we unqualifiedly advise all our younger as well as our elder readers not to lose the opportunity offered those who have forgotten, or those who have never seen him, of making his acquaintance.

At Wallack's the sparkling little Lotta has retired, and Lester Wallack with his excellent company resumes operations for the winter.

Charles Gaynor's new play, dramatized from his own highly successful novel, "Out of the Streets," is in rehearsal. If one-half as telling as the original tale—published in the *Chimney Corner*—we may predict for it a complete triumph at the New York Theatre.

The irrepressible and indomitable "Barbe Bleue" still holds its place upon the boards at Niblo's Garden, with legitimately large and delighted audiences every evening.

"Humpty Dumpty" still holds its own in the Olympic.

At the Stadt Theatre, Mr. Hendrichs is constantly winning his way with the frequenters of the German House. He is one of the best personal hits the management have ever made.

Maggie Mitchell's "Loris" is nightly filling Wood's Metropolitan Theatre.

We recommend all of the lovers of Ireland not to lose the chance of attending the exhibition of McEvoy's "Hibernicon," now at Pike's Music Hall. It is an admirable Panorama of "A Tour in Ireland," painted by the Pearson Brothers, and combines with it selections from the works of the greater Irish poets and composers, rendered by a "talented company, an efficient orchestra and full chorus"—Mr. C. McEvoy appearing as "Barney the Gu de."

It may be mentioned that the Western tour of Toste and Bateman's French Opera Troupe, No. 1, is a complete triumph.

On Tuesday last, Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williamson gave a *fête champêtre* at Bath, to welcome back the Florence from their late European tour. The company was varied, and composed of prominent legal, literary and dramatic celebrities, who were entertained by their hosts in a manner as warm as it was lavishly hospitable.

#### ART GOSSIP.

In the studio of Mr. Byron M. Pickett, 596 Broadway, there are now to be seen several works of sculpture in a more or less forward state of progress. For a subject which he is now modeling in the clay, the sculptor has gone to the fondly-remembered stories of our juvenile days; and we believe he is the first who has thought of idealizing sweet little "Cinderella" in marble. The figure, which is life-size, is that of a slim and beautiful young girl, gracefully posed, scant of drapery, and with a certain expression of resigned subjugation quite in accordance with the character and circumstances of the fascinating young white slave, as we used to imagine her in our childhood, when we were far, far more imaginative than we are now. But we hope to have an opportunity of speaking at length about this subject after it shall have been fully wrought out in marble by the hand of the artist.

In portrait medallions, Mr. Pickett particularly excels. There are two such subjects in his studio which are especially truthful and life-like—both of them portraits of ladies.

Another subject for which the same sculptor is now laying out a block of marble, is "Little Red Riding-hood." It is simply an idealization of the child—the wolf not appearing in this version of the story. The figure, as it appears in the plaster, is a very pleasing one, modeled in *à la vie* review, but having all the roundness and reality of a statuette. Mr. Pickett works out all his subjects in the marble himself, a practice not always in usage with modern sculptors.

Mr. G. H. Hall has been at work in his studio for the greater part of the summer, having made but a brief sojourn in the Catacombs, from which he has lately returned. He has now in his studio a number of figure pieces of Spanish character, painted within a few months past, from sketches and studies made by him during his last visit to Spain. One of the most pleasing of these subjects is a Spanish girl, of the darkest Andalusian type, holding a canary. Her dark complexion is well contrasted with the orange-yellow handkerchief in which her bosom is enveloped, and the soft, voluptuous expression of her Oriental eyes is full of the languor and latent fire of the half Moorish race to which she belongs. It is probable that this picture will be on view in the winter exhibition of the Academy of Design.

Several other bits of Gipsy and Spanish character are to be seen in the same studio, most of them being careful studies from life. One of the strongest of these is a sketchy portrait of a bronzed and bearded old man, and this, if looked on only as a portrait, is a work of very considerable merit, for color as well as for general treatment. Among fruit-pieces, there are some capital grape subjects, painted in Seville, and Mr. Hall was at work, when we visited his studio a few days since, putting the finishing touches to a picture of a huge water-melon, the pulpy juiciness of which was expressed with great truth and feeling for color.

A GENTLEMAN asked a negro boy if he wouldn't take a pinch of snuff.

"No," replied the little darky, very respectfully, "me tank you, Pomp's nose not hungry."

#### OUR LONDON LETTER.

THE election preliminaries, consisting of the addresses and speeches of the candidates, are in full activity, and the Conservative party is endeavoring to make a great push to secure a majority of seats. They are said to have subscribed \$1,500,000 toward the expenses of the candidates, so that it will be a battle of purses as well as of principles. There is, however, a split amongst them, as Butler Johnson wishes to form a kind of independent Conservative party, irrespective of the old Conservatives and the Disraeli following. He is joined by the Marquis of Salisbury and some others, so that there will be a screw loose in the Conservatives themselves. The new Parliament will, it is supposed, be in constitution much the same as the old, and will have its due share of juvenile lords and elderly soapboilers. The cry for the hustings is the "to be or not to be" of the Irish Church, and all other questions are merged in that. It is the test for the suffrage. In some cases the candidates have been severely censured by the electors, and one candidate was asked whether he would vote for \$115,000 per annum more for the Prince of Wales, of course by an elector adverse to the increasing expense of royalty. Gladstone's strong points are disestablishment and reduction of expenditure, finance never having been a strong point in the political programmes of the Conservative party.

The Queen has gone to Switzerland, after passing through Paris and receiving a visit of the Empress of the French. Her reception in the French capital was polite, but not *empress*, and the Queen neither is nor ever has been popular abroad. There is too much etiquette, reserve, and keeping at a distance, by the English Court, which is a striking contrast to the *bonhomie* of the German princes, and the show and display of the other European rulers, and does not find much favor with those unaccustomed to it. A Fenian is said to have been arrested at Lucerne, and others are reported lurking in the neighborhood, but the news is not confirmed, and may be a *canard*.

The *Habeas Corpus* Act is still suspended in Ireland, and an attempt at eviction by a landlord named Scully has been met by armed resistance, two policemen shot dead, and Scully wounded. The internal struggle in Ireland is for the possession of land, and the repeal of the Union would, as a natural consequence, be followed by the abolition of landlords. How a country is to be governed where tenants refuse to pay their rents or quit, is not clear. Scully had, however, endeavored to impose hard leases on his tenantry.

The temperature has fallen, and there has been a heavy fall of rain. This was sorely wanted, as the very mountains and moors were burning—the mountain of Myndydd Maer, between Newport and Pontypool, was in flames and could not be put out.

The Admiralty is, as usual, in trouble, the Select Committee obtained this year by Seeley to examine into its proceedings having proved gross mismanagement and extravagance.

It has paid \$1,218,000 more than the market price for anchors. After asking for tenders for competition for eight gunboats, it gave one to each of the competing firms, probably to the one who was the best. Two ships, to be built by the firm of Laird, the builder of the Confederate rams, at \$980,000, although all the ships were to be made alike. They offered the contract to the builder whose plans were most approved. Laird's plans for a turret ship were the best, and he was then given a broadside ship to build.

This question, broadside or turret, is not yet settled, the chief contractors obstinately keeping to broadside ships, while the rest of Europe is building turret and capo vessels.

Eight iron-sides, composing the home fleet, cruised the other day, not without a collision, the Royal Oak running into the Warrior. As a general rule there is a bad lookout kept when these collisions happen. There will, of course, be an inquiry, but the difficulty is always to enforce the lookout.

There is, it appears, some difficulty of obtaining English surgeons for the navy. The position of the naval surgeon is not pleasant, and the more highly educated medical students have more brilliant positions before them than "life in an ironclad."

The social status of the medical officer in the navy has always been a source of discontent, so that the largest number of medical students who aspire to be navy surgeons come from Ireland, few from Scotland, scarcely any from England.

There has been a terrible railway accident at Abergele, in Wales. The Irish mail-train for Holyhead ran into some detached trucks containing barrels of petroleum, attached to a baggage train. Thirty-four persons have been literally charred to cinders by the explosion and conflagration. Among them are Lord Farnham, Sir N. Chinnery, and Judge Berwick. It has created the greatest horror here, the more so that the dead have been so awfully mutilated that they cannot be even identified. This will add to the discontent which is already ripe against the railways. The Press here is calling out against locking carriage-doors. The accident was, however, inevitable; the usual cause being that of running baggage trains while passenger trains are on the rails, and the non-working of the so-called "block" system. The only thing that survived the conflagration was Lord Farnham's "diamond star;" watches, jewelry, and other valuables, money excepted, were destroyed and defaced.

The Rachel trial has come to its first stage—the jury could not agree and were dismissed; Rachel is to be tried again. It does not appear she had a bath at all, although her secret of perpetual youth and beauty was bathing or tubbing, aided by fanciful cosmetics. Lord Ranleigh appears to have known nothing of the plaintiff, Mrs. Borodale, and the few words that passed between them were not affectionate.

Jeff. Davis arrived the other day at Liverpool, but his reception was not remarkable; in London he will pass quite unnoticed.

Reverdy Johnson has been well received, and treated with the usual honors.

There has been some difference between the commercial public and the post-office, about the delivery of printed circulars by the Circular Delivery Company. The delivery of 240 circulars by post, cost \$5, whereas the Commissioners, or old soldiers who act as ticket-porters and carry parcels and messages, can deliver the same amount for \$1. But the post-office claims that the circulars must be delivered by it alone, and the question is at present before the courts. Hand delivery is, however, not always to be trusted, as some years ago some hundred circulars were delivered to a "hollow tree" in Hyde Park, instead of their respective addressees. What the commercial class aim at is a reduction of postage, but it will take a good deal of pressure to effect it.

The Cab proprietors are in a state of discontent. Certain privileged cabs are permitted by the railways to enter the stations and wait for the trains which arrive. The non-privileged class regard this as a monopoly, and threaten to strike, so that the "early birds" will obtain no cabs for morning trains. The cab proprietors have held an indignation meeting on the subject, but the matter will be no doubt arranged without proceeding to extremities. But the discontent of the cab-drivers and proprietors has become a chronic institution.

Some animals have lately got loose; an elephant in France took a morning stroll and rooted up a gaspipe, and a Tasmanian "devil," alias wombat, escaped at Bideford, in Devonshire, from Wombwell's menagerie, and disappeared, it is supposed, into the river. It was its third escape, and was so far successful.

The affairs of the Continent continue much the same. There will be no war at present between France and Germany. The Eastern question is still a point of danger, but no active operations will take place this year. The assassination of Michael in Servia has strengthened the Turkish party, and the intrigues of Roumania threatens to drive the Prussian Prince Charles, who is a mere satellite of the higher powers, from his uneasy throne.

Admiral Farragut has asked permission of the Paris

to pass the Dardanelles; but it is against the terms of the treaty with the rest of Europe, and the Turks eschew foreign ships of war in the Dardanelles. They plead that their capital is built on both sides of the Straits, and that the admittance of foreign ships of war is uncomfortable and menacing, as much so as a squadron anchored in the Thames off the Tower, or lying at anchor in the Hudson off New York. So that it is uncertain if the passage of the Admiral's ship will be conceded. Russia, too, has always been adverse to foreign cruisers in the Black Sea, and that sea has hitherto been—except in time of war—sealed with Solomon's seal against other powers. The presence of an American squadron in these waters, it is supposed to be in the interest of any power but itself, would add to the embarrassments of the Turkish Government, which is obliged to overcome its difficulties by inefficient means, European influence and treaties always aiding its minor opponents. With a clear field and no favor, Turkey would double up its neighbors, Greece included, in a single campaign.

The Departure of the Chinese Embassy for Europe—Hon. Anson Burlingame and the Chinese Ambassadors and Suite Embarking for Liverpool on Board the Steamer Java, at Jersey City, September 9th.

The Chinese Embassy sailed at noon, on Wednesday, September 9th, in the Cunard steamer Java, for Europe.

The Westminster Hotel, which has been their stopping-place in this city, was, at an early hour on the morning of their departure, a scene of bustle and confusion. Trunks were to be packed, wardrobes arranged, multifarious curiosities of every conceivable description were to be disposed of, and, most important of all, according to the rigid views of Chinese etiquette, proper farewells were to be taken of numerous personal friends and official visitors who thronged the salons of the Westminster. Finally, however, all necessary arrangements having been completed, the Embassy, with their suite of retainers and a large number of invited guests, stepped into the vehicles which were awaiting them at the door of the hotel, and were conveyed to the foot of Nineteenth street, North River, where Captain Pierson, of the Custom-house tug-boat Jasmin, received them on board his trim little vessel. During the trip to the Cunard dock at Jersey City, an elegant *desfenseur* was served on board the Jasmin, and was apparently greatly enjoyed by the Celestial tourists. The side of the Java was reached a little before eleven o'clock, and the transfer to her decks was made with but little confusion. The principal members of the Embassy, after bidding adieu to their numerous friends, retired to their staterooms, while their servants were busily engaged in hauling and overhauling an immense quantity of baggage.

At about twelve o'clock the Java, with the Dragon of China flying at her main-peak, pulled out into the stream, and started on her journey to Liverpool. Among those present to witness the departure of the Embassy were General Banks, Surveyor Wakeman, and other distinguished gentlemen, besides many ladies.

The Chinese dignitaries who accompany Mr. Burlingame present their thanks to the American people for the courtesy and hospitality which they have everywhere received. From the day they set foot on American soil at San Francisco, until the eve of their departure from the Continent, they have been honored with the most distinguished consideration in all places, and by all persons whom they have had the pleasure to meet, from the President and his Ministers to the local dignitaries, and from the State functionaries to private citizens of all ranks. These facts will be duly communicated to the Emperor.

#### NOW!

I NEVER saw but one hanging in my life. On that occasion my duties brought me into close contact with the culprit himself. I attended him on the scaffold, and was with him to the last. The newspapers described the execution in the usual terms. They did not describe what I saw or heard. It may be they were justified in not doing so; it may be even, now when public executions have happily become a thing of the past, that I am not justified in recording an unprofessional view of the tragedy I witnessed. My plea is, that I have never yet read what has impressed me as a truthful account of any such scene.

As it can serve no possible purpose to mention real names, I will simply state that the execution referred to took place in a Northern Assize town, not very recently. The condemned was an old man of at least seventy; his offense, the brutal murder of an old woman, his wife.

I first saw the old man, say Giles, at seven o'clock on the morning in question. He was sitting in his cell, his head bent forward, and slowly shaking from side to side, not with trepidation, but with the tremulous palsy of old age that was natural to him. He was evidently a man of the dullest sensibilities, and in whom feeling had become still more numbed by the consciousness of his approaching fate. He had passed a good night, and had freely partaken of that hearty breakfast which, strangely enough, all such felons do partake of for their last. The governor of the jail entered to bid him farewell and to introduce the sheriff. Giles shook hands with both, he stolid and emotionless. There was a little pause. They expected some one else. It was the only time Giles showed any feeling at all. He stopped shaking, and looked furtively but eagerly toward the door. Even that was only the emotion of impatience. Calcraft entered. A mild, gentle-faced man—short, rather stout, with plentiful gray hair. I can see him as I write—his eyes full and gray, though small, and sweet in their expression. He does not "shamble" as he walks, nor does he talk coarsely. He walks so 'ly at such times, as in the presence of impending death, and his voice is by no means unpleasant. His walk, his voice, his expression, and his manner, are in fact, completely reassuring. They were so to Giles. Having been introduced to his executioner, and seen the calm, self-reliant look of his eyes, Giles became perfectly calm, and resumed the monotonous shaking of his head from side to side. I can testify that, whether from age or mental stupor, he was the least affected of us all; and I am told this is usually the case.

The half-past seven o'clock struck, and the prison bell broke out in a harshly solemn toll. While we were getting ready to leave the cell it began—Toll! As we walked along the corridors it went to pass the Dardanelles; but it is against the terms of the treaty with the rest of Europe, and the Turks eschew foreign ships of war in the Dardanelles. They plead that their capital is built on both sides of the Straits, and that the admittance of foreign ships of war is uncomfortable and menacing, as much so as a squadron anchored in the Thames off the Tower, or lying at anchor in the Hudson off New York. So that it is uncertain if the passage of the Admiral's ship will be conceded. Russia, too, has always been adverse to foreign cruisers in the Black Sea, and that sea has hitherto been—except in time of war—sealed with Solomon's seal against other powers. The presence of an American squadron in these waters, it is supposed to be in the interest of any power but itself, would add to the embarrassments of the Turkish Government, which is obliged to overcome its difficulties by inefficient means, European influence and treaties always aiding its minor opponents. With a clear field and no favor, Turkey would double up its neighbors, Greece included, in a single campaign.

on—Toll! It struck upon all our hearts—Toll! except Giles's.

Having entered the pinioning-room, the chaplain began the solemn service for the dead. "I am the Resurrection and the Life"—Toll! "Whosoever liveth and believeth in Me shall never die"—Toll!

Calcraft produced a small black leather portmanteau. Opening it, he disclosed his pinions, spare straps, and two ropes. The pinion is simply a broad leather strap or surcingle to go round the waist, having strong loops on either side, through which are passed the straps to secure the elbows. The wrists are then fastened by another strap.

"It's my own invention," Calcraft whispered, with some modesty; "the old pinions used to be very bad, they hurt the poor fellows so. They used to strap their elbows tight behind them and force them together at the back, and then strap the two wrists together. This waist strap answers every purpose, and is not the least uncomfortable.

"There," he whispered to Giles (for the chaplain still read on), when he had arranged the straps, "that doesn't hurt you, my good fellow?"

"No, sir; it's very comfortable."

And the chaplain still read on, and the bell broke in like a solemn amen. "For since by man came death—" Toll!

"Shake hands with me, Giles," said the mild man with the gray hair; "say you forgive me. You shall not be tortured."

"I forgive thee, mister," and he offered his poor pinioned hands, like fins, which Calcraft shook kindly. Toll!

"There's one thing I should like to do," said Giles.

"Yes," said Calcraft.

"Will 'ee tell I when it's comin'. Theo know what I mean."

"I will," returned the executioner. Toll!

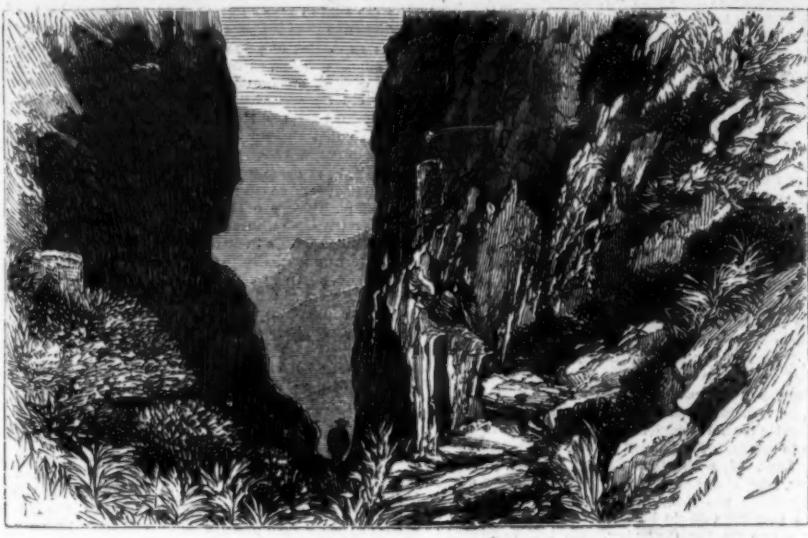
The "Lesson" was not yet finished. No one of us paid attention to it, or to any of that part of the service (least of all did Giles), save when the bell struck out like a solemn voice from the sky; "Heed that!" Then we remembered the word or two that had gone before. To me the reading of the clergyman sounded like the babble of a dream, and the bell, and the gentle old man, and the pinioned murderer the only realities. (Toll! "And how are the dead raised up?")

I saw Calcraft return to his black portmanteau to select the rope. Intent, against my will, more on the details of the dreadful tragedy than on the service, that only broke out on me in snatches, I pointed to the cord, and whispered,

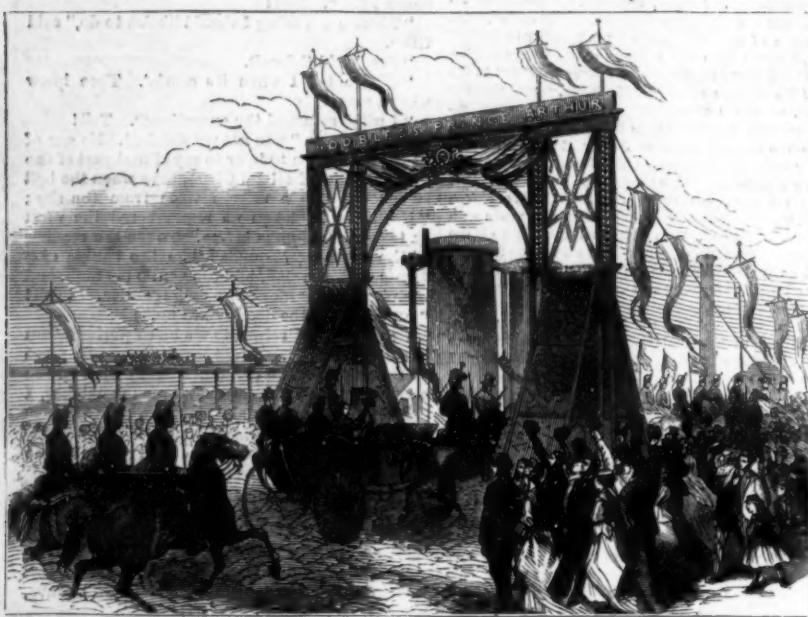
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—See Page 21.



DUTCH FARM-HOUSE NEAR WORCESTER, CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.



POORT, TABLE MOUNTAIN, CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.



PRINCE ARTHUR VISITING THE TEESIDE IRON WORKS, NEAR MIDDLESBOROUGH, ENGLAND.



VISIT OF PRINCE ARTHUR AT MIDDLESBOROUGH-ON-TEES, ENGLAND—PROCESSION PASSING THROUGH THE MARKET-PLACE.



THE NEW VAUDEVILLE THEATRE, PARIS, FRANCE.



GERMAN RIFLE MEETING AT VIENNA—DISTRIBUTION OF THE PRIZES.



BALL GIVEN TO THE LADIES OF VENICE BY C. MOORE CLARENCE PAGE, ON BOARD THE CALLED 'IRIS.'



THE NEW FRENCH LOAN—SUBSCRIBERS AT THE MINISTRY OF FINANCE, PARIS.



HOME FOR DESTITUTE AND STARVING DOGS, HOLLINGSWORTH STREET, ISLINGTON, LONDON, ENGLAND.—SEE PAGE 23.

## PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE ILLUSTRATED EUROPEAN PRESS.

## Dutch Farm House near Worcester, Cape of Good Hope—Poort, Table Mountain, Cape of Good Hope.

The scenery in the neighborhood of Cape Town, around the base of the Table Mountain, has a picturesque variety of aspect. Undulating plains, where green pastures are mingled with orchards, and hills sloping upward to the sides of the mountain, are succeeded by thickly-wooded gorges of the forest, ravines through which streams of the purest water descend to the ocean, and tremendous clefts in the wall of bare rock that frowns over the lowland country on each side. A striking example of the kind of scenery last mentioned is the "Poort," or "Gate," a view of which is engraved. The journey from Cape Town to Worcester, now made by railway, is about eighty miles. Worcester lies in the interior, on the further side of the mountains, in an extensive plain between the Breede and Hex rivers. This district is one of the most fertile in the colony, producing corn, wine, dried fruits, and wood, besides an abundance of tolerably good wine. The town is regularly built, neat and pleasant, with several thousand inhabitants. The Dutch farmer's house, of which we give an illustration, looks like an abode of peace and comfort.

## Visit of Prince Arthur at Middlesborough-on-Tees—Procession passing through the Market Place—The Prince at the Teeside Iron Works.

The recent visit of His Royal Highness Prince Arthur, at Middlesborough, has brought that new and thriving town into public notice. It is situated in the North Riding of Yorkshire, on the right bank of the river Tees, a few miles from the sea. The occasion of the visit of Prince Arthur was the formal opening of a commodious and beautiful common, presented by the first Mayor of the town, Mr. H. W. F. Bolckow, of Martin Hall, to the citizens, and named by them "Albert Park," in memory of the late Prince Consort. Prince Arthur arrived in Middlesborough on Monday afternoon, August 3d, and was received at the railway station by the Mayor, members of the Corporation, and the Archbishop of York. Having been handsomely entertained by Mr. Bolckow, at Martin Hall, the prince was conducted into town by a grand procession, headed by the members of the corporation in carriages, and the band of the 15th Hussars. Bands of music were stationed at many points along the route, and discoursed appropriate selections as the distinguished visitor passed. Railway officials, and local societies, as well as the citizens in general, joined in the procession, or thronged the streets and house-tops, according the prince their heartiest welcome. On reaching the park, the prince was conducted to a dais, under a beautiful canopy, where he presented the grounds to the public in felicitous speech. About eight o'clock in the following morning he visited the Exton mines, belonging to the company of which Mr. Bolckow is the chief partner. Here his royal highness saw the process of getting iron-stone, and afterward saw, from a beautifully fitted-up platform at the furnaces, the "tapping" process, and the liquid iron rolling into the "pig-beds," by means of which what is known as pig-iron is produced. In the afternoon the prince saw, among other processes of manufacture in finished iron, the making of a rail, which, formed from an unshaped lump of iron, was drawn through the rolling mills un-

til it came out in a very short time a finished rail, stamped with the inscription, "His Royal Highness Prince Arthur, 1868." The various operations were described to his royal highness, who took considerable interest in the different processes, seeming highly pleased with what he saw.

## The New Vaudeville Theatre, Paris.

The new Vaudeville Theatre, situated on the corner of the Rue de la Chausse d'Antin and the Boulevard Ita-

liens, in its finished state, forms one of the most attractive improvements to be seen in the French capital. The façade is in the form of a rotunda between two tall houses, and is surmounted by a cupola, the decorative sculpture giving it a fine effect. On the sloping front is raised a figure of Apollo, bearing in one hand a flambeau and in the other a crown, while two little Cupids are at his feet. The pilasters which separate the façade from the bases are surmounted by groups of children

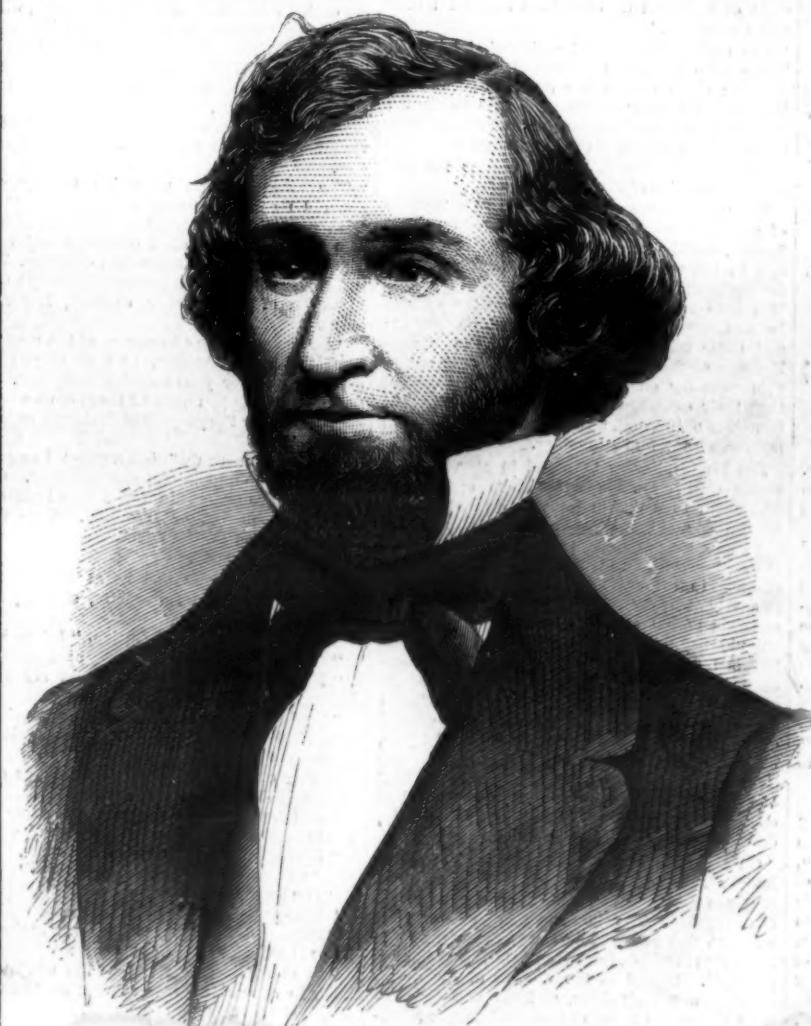
symbolizing Comedy and Drama; and below the front the sculptor has carved in the stone four female figures forming caryatides representing Music, Satire, Comedy, and Folly. These figures are perhaps rather too slender for the height at which they are placed. On the lower level a large bay opens below a balcony; and three busts of dramatists complete the decorations of this stage. The details of ornamentation are very rich and complete, and the entire building is characterized by the admirable taste which led the architect to remember that he had only small scope for display, and that the building was a theatre devoted to light representations.

## Ball Given to the Ladies of Venice by Commodore Clarence Paget, on Board the Caledonia.

The presence of the British squadron at Venice has given occasion for an exchange of compliments, which have terminated in a grand ball on board the Caledonia, the flagship of Commodore Paget. In its voyage to the various Mediterranean stations, officers and men of the fleet were received with no little welcome and enthusiasm by the Italians, the officers of the Italian marine uniting to offer a grand banquet to their English guests. The only return that could be made for such courtesy was the organization of a grand ball to the ladies of Venice on board the Caledonia, which was superbly decorated for the occasion, the deck being covered in with a magnificent awning, composed of the flags of all the nations of Europe. There, beneath the bright, luminous sky of the Adriatic, with music always floating in the air and lights dancing on the water, with gorgeous uniforms, gay costumes, rich ornaments, and an assembly of all the rank and beauty of the Queenly City, the festival was held which is represented in our engraving. The ball was not unlike other assemblies of the same kind; the supper was scarcely more brilliant than the usual repast offered on such occasions; but the time, the hour, and the circumstances gave the entire fête an interest that is wanting in the common interchange of hospitality and kindly feeling, by the significance that was, perhaps, falsely given to the cordial interchange of sentiment.

## German Rifle Meeting at Vienna—Distribution of the Prizes.

The third annual meeting of the German National Rifle Volunteer Association, which took place at Vienna this year, was closed on August 6th. This year's meeting was regarded as a festival of social, if not political, fraternization between the German people of Austria, though formally separated by the war of 1866 from their Northern kindred, and the people of the adjoining South German States. German riflemen from all parts of their common Fatherland, and from the German cantons of Switzerland, assembled, with no warlike intention, in the last week of July. In the Lower Prater, or Hyde Park of the Austrian metropolis, a large space, bounded by the Danube Canal, and surrounded with fine old trees, was allotted for their shooting-ground. The chief buildings erected by the committee were the Fest-Halle, a large banqueting-hall; the Gaben-Halle, or "Gift-Hall," where the prizes were exposed to the inspection of the public; two large halls, where an "industrial exhibition," or rather, a bazaar, was held; the offices of the committee and of all the sub-committees; rooms for the safe-keeping of rifles; lavatories and minor apartments; and the shooting-shed, between 300 and 400 yards in length. The shooting-ground was enclosed by high earthen banks, topped



THE LATE EX-GOVERNOR THOMAS H. SEYMOUR, OF CONNECTICUT.—SEE PAGE 23.

with rows of flags, to prevent any bullets going too far. The targets were of two different sizes and shapes, and were placed at different distances from the shooting-points—about one-half the number toward the right, at 200, and the remainder close up against the bank, about 350 yards off. The long-range targets were oblong, and larger than the others, with a large black centre. The short-range targets were square, with a small round spot in the middle. Rows of trees were planted in alleys, having one target at the end of each alley, which must have been a help to the shooter in taking his aim, the alleys being perfectly straight and of uniform width. There was no division into separate matches or contests for special prizes. Each competitor shot as often as he chose, paying a certain fee for each shot, this fee being 15 kreuzers, or about four-pence. As many points as he made were scored to his general credit, and their aggregate number would entitle him to any prize of a certain class. The prizes were of all kinds, bronze statuettes, silver cups, watches, jewelry, furniture, money, and various works of art. Forty points made at the short range, which was more difficult than the long, because of the small target, were reckoned at forty florins. The Emperor of Austria came one day, and had a shot. The Archdukes came often. On the last day there was a grand banquet in the Fest-Halle, where the Prime Minister of Austria, Baron von Betsch, made a suitable speech. The distribution of prizes took place in the Gaben-Halle; Dr. Kopp, the president of the committee of the association, and the Burgomaster of Vienna, officiated in this ceremony, of which we give an illustration.

#### The New French Loan—Subscribers at the Ministry of Finance, Paris.

The subscriptions to the new French loan, which was authorized by the Chamber before they were proposed, are being rapidly received at the Ministry of Finance, Paris. Not only have recognized capitalists come promptly forward and accepted the terms of the loan, but the working classes have to a large extent offered their mites and received their certificates of deposit. This certainly indicates the popularity of the act, and proves that the people have full confidence in the Government. The office of the Minister is constantly besieged by crowds of persons of all ranks, eager to become subscribers to the new loan.

#### THE SAILOR'S WIFE.

She wanders by when waves are high,  
And heavy breakers roar,  
And storm-clouds flee, and from the sea  
The white mist wraps the shore;  
And low and long the same old song  
She crooneth evermore:  
  
The waters ripple, the waters roar,  
And the song of the sailors floats in to shore;  
And over the prows of the anchored ships  
The weird red glory of sunset dips—  
Dips and darkles, afar, afar,  
A bloody streak on the foaming bar.  
And ever I think of the ships that ride  
Over the treacherous, smiling tide;  
And ever I think of the waves that flow  
Where bones of mariners bleach below—  
And ever the breeze comes in from sea,  
Like a blast from a land of Death, to me!  
For oh, in the days that have passed away  
A ship sailed out of the busy bay—  
A goodly vessel, and goodly crew,  
True hearts, and mighty to dare and do.  
But dreary days into darkness wore—  
It landed never on earthly shore.  
It comes again when the clouds are black,  
And glides away in its old, old track;  
And I see its shrouds, in the mist wreath white,  
Gleam again through the ghostly night;  
And then—oh horror!—the shriek of dread—  
The frantic struggle—the helpless dead!  
Oh, horror! horror—  
And so along,  
Back and forth on the weedy shore,  
When winds are heavy and waves are strong,  
She wanders, crooning the same old song,  
That ceaseth nevermore!

#### LOSS AND LUCK; or, The Master-Passion.

"No, Lacordaire, I won't play this evening. My losses of late have been rather heavy, and—to tell you the truth, marquis, I've given up cards altogether."

Julien Lacordaire, Marquis de B——, stared incredulously, as these words were uttered, at his friend, the Viscount Lucien Champsey. They had met on the crowded thoroughfare of the Boulevard des Italiens, in Paris, and as the hour (nine o'clock in the evening) was the one at which these young men often adjourned to their club, the marquis had offered to accompany Lucien thither.

"Are you serious?" asked the former, when surprise at his friend's announcement allowed of his replying to it. "Do you positively mean that cards are to be henceforth abandoned by one in whom I believed the—"

Julien hesitated. "By one in whom you believed the vice of play to be an unconquerable passion!" finished Lucien Champsey, with a smile. "Say what you mean, marquis. The resolution is made, the oath of renunciation is sworn. Expect to see very little of me at the club in future, for I do not intend to place myself voluntarily in the tempter's path. And now, good-evening; I have an engagement of great importance, which there is little time for me to meet before the hour appointed."

In a few moments the young men separated, and Lucien Champsey made his way with all possible speed to the hotel of his uncle, the Count Grandinot, a superb dwelling situated at a short distance from the Rue Rivoli.

The story of Lucien's life may be told in a few words. Left at the age of nineteen in the possession of a moderate fortune, he had found himself,

at twenty-five, embarrassed by gambling debts, almost to the extent of utter ruin, and (no less unhappy circumstance) hopelessly in love to the verge of distraction. The cause of this latter misfortune was his cousin, André Grandinot, whose proud and wealthy father had begun to suspect Lucien's attachment, and to frown darkly upon his daughter's reciprocation of it. As yet, however, the old count had neither forbidden his nephew from visiting André, nor announced his intention of marrying the young lady to a certain rather aged member of the new nobility, who had lately asked her hand. But, on this very evening of which we write, the lovers were destined to receive both pieces of intelligence verbally and decisively from the count himself.

Lucien, whose call at the Hotel Grandinot was paid to-night upon his cousin, had not long to wait, in the elegantly-furnished drawing-room in which he was shown, before André made her appearance.

A more charming type of blonde beauty than André Grandinot represented it would have been difficult to find in all Paris. The soft eyes, that looked out from beneath their golden floss of lashes, were blue, lustrous, and full of soul; the hair, which rippled, like a Madonna's of Raphael, on either side of her fair forehead, gleamed as if some subtle light were forever tangled and enmeshed among its silky threads. She was a woman of surpassing beauty, and the grace of her every motion, the liquid melody of her voice in speaking, corresponded with this physical loveliness. It is not a matter of wonder that Lucien availed himself of a cousin's privilege on this particular evening, and, advancing to meet her as she entered the drawing-room, imprinted a warm kiss on André's tempting mouth.

"How about your oath, cousin?" she asked, blushing a little at Lucien's ardent greeting. "Have you kept it?"

"Scrupulously, André. I have not touched a card for two days, and do not intend breaking my resolve."

"I am so glad, Lucien." Somehow her dimpled, satin-soft hand found its way to his. "Do you know, I have been unjust enough all yesterday and to-day to doubt your faith; but you will forgive me this time, I am sure."

As André finished speaking, a step was heard in the outside hall, and a moment later, Raymond de Grandinot, André's father, entered the apartment.

Lucien advanced to greet the count, but he drew himself haughtily away from the young man's proffered salutation, and said, sternly:

"I feel, Lucien Champsey, that it has become my disagreeable duty to forbid, in the future, your visits to this house. It has lately reached my ears that you have, on several occasions, professed openly an attachment for your Cousin André, of which the relationship existing between you and that young lady does not afford a sufficient explanation. My daughter possibly returns your love. I will say plainly, that were it not known to me how recklessly you have squandered the fortune which, six years ago, you inherited, a union between my daughter and my nephew would be far from distasteful. But at present all thought of such union must be resigned by both André and yourself. It must never be said that the child of Raymond de Grandinot married a rōud and a gamester."

The reader may easily imagine what followed. There were tears and heart-broken words from André; there were a few fiery sentences from the lips of Lucien Champsey, followed by a brief, hurried farewell of his cousin; and five minutes afterward, he had left the Hotel Grandinot, and was walking aimlessly, wildly, through the gay illuminated streets of Paris.

Many another man, over whom the fascinations of gambling possessed as strong a hold as over Lucien, would have yielded to them as a palliative to the torments of disappointment, which, for weeks after the events of that evening, agonized both his heart and brain. But the promise he had given to André remained unviolated; and those who had known him in the careless Parisian circles that his pleasant face and agreeable company once adorned, finally concluded that their quondam associate had renounced the frivolities of life, and, after the world's well-known fashion, forgot him altogether.

But Lucien, having managed to save from the wreck of his fortune a sufficient competence wherewith to maintain himself respectably, was filled with a single idea—that of one day becoming rich enough to claim the hand of his cousin. It was, however, an idea alone, with no practical stimulus to further its accomplishment. Eagerly, intensely as he desired to obtain wealth, the false methods of his aristocratic education, and the languid, negligent life which he had lived from boyhood, unfit him for anything that resembled positive effort or severe exertion. He built golden castles and dreamed mercenary dreams *ad libitum*, but he performed no labor, carried out no definite plan. During the space of a year, his existence, passed mostly in Paris, and occasionally at the German Spas, where he was fond of watching the games of chance in which he had once so recklessly participated, was melancholy, devoid of purpose, and extremely miserable.

On a certain evening during a visit of his to Baden, Lucien returned from one of the principal salons in the place with feelings of unusual gloom and dejection. The time at which he entered his lodgings was remarkably early, considering the late hours in which, from long habit, he ordinarily indulged. Seated at the window of his apartment—it was early June, and the soft air blew from the starlit streets without—Lucien's reflections were somewhat of this nature:

"To-morrow I shall quit Baden. This watching of the games in the salons does me no good. To-night I was on the verge of flinging my resolution to the winds, and forgetting the promise I made André. And she—has not she, perhaps forgotten the love which prompted her to require

this oath? Am I sure that she is yet constant? Ah, Lucien Champsey, do not begin the invention of foolish excuses to justify the breaking of your promise! If André's love be weak, let your honor remain strong. I am decided upon quitting Baden to-morrow. The return of the season may bring with it a score of my old associates—Lacordaire among the rest. Did not the old Countess B—— tell me yesterday that Julien had engaged apartments in this very building? Once more, then, I repeat to myself, 'Quit Baden to-morrow.'

His resolve made, Lucien arose from his seat by the window, and, in order that his departure for Paris might take place at an early hour on the following morning, retired for the night.

When he awoke, after a perfectly dreamless and uninterrupted sleep, the sun was shining brightly in his chamber. Rising, a glance at his watch assured him that there was ample time to catch the first train for Paris. His toilet performed, and his portmanteau hastily packed, Lucien happened to fix his eyes on the small table that stood by his bed. A handkerchief wrapped about some bulky material was resting there, unnoticed till now.

"Careless," he muttered, approaching the bundle. "I have forgotten to pack the linen which the laundress probably brought here last evening during my absence. What right has a poor man to be so regardless of trifles?"

But as Lucien unclosed the handkerchief, which was knotted tightly about its contents, a sight met his astonished gaze which he will ever remember—a sight that for a moment dazzled, confounded and stupefied him with amazement.

The handkerchief contained what seemed an almost incalculable sum, in banknotes and golden louis d'or!

Was he awake or dreaming? Lucien actually rubbed his eyes to settle this apparently vexed question.

It was no dream. The banknotes were substantial paper, the louis d'or genuine metal.

What mystery was this? He now remembered that, having dined yesterday with the Countess B——, and having been absent from his chamber during the whole afternoon, he had locked his door and taken the key with him; at night he had done the same, expecting to remain away from the hotel longer than he really did. How, then, had this money found its way into the apartment, setting aside the inexplicable motive that could have induced any one to place it there? He had slept not only with his door locked, but bolted also, as its present condition proved. Had the good-natured elves of whom he had read so often in German legends visited upon him, while sleeping, one of their benevolent miracles?

Finally, abandoning all conjecture relating to the origin of this money as useless in the extreme, Lucien did a very natural thing under the circumstances; he fell to counting it.

The sum amounted, all told, to no less than twenty thousand louis!

For the first time since his discovery the thought of actually becoming rich through the agency of this apparent miracle caused Lucien's heart to throb fast with emotions of delight.

"Can it be possible?" he exclaimed, "that Heaven has rewarded the faithful preservation of my oath to André? and at a time, too, when I was almost on the point of breaking it!"

The words had not left his lips before two sharp knocks sounded at the door. Concealing the money in the handkerchief, Lucien went to answer the summons.

His surprise was great on finding that his visitor was no less a person than Julien Lacordaire.

The marquis wore upon his usually good-natured face an expression of dignity and pride. Without noticing the hand of welcome which Lucien extended, he walked past him and seated himself at the further end of the chamber. Then, before Lucien had the opportunity to ask an explanation of his singular conduct, Lacordaire began:

"I have come, De Champsey, at the request of Rochefort and D'Aubray, to seek of you some stated reason for your behavior last night. The direct cut which you gave all three of us when we approached for the purpose of shaking hands with you—"

"My dear marquis," interrupted Lucien, "I am at a loss to understand your meaning. On no occasion since my stay in Baden have I met either yourself, Rochefort or D'Aubray. This is undoubtedly some absurd mistake—some ridiculous confusion of identity."

"You deny having met us at the *Salon*—last evening!" cried Lacordaire, starting to his feet.

"Positively," answered Lucien, "I deny it."

"Really, viscount, this audacity confounds me."

"You mean, monsieur, to doubt my word?"

Lucien's blood was rising.

"Doubt your word!" retorted the marquis, with a satirical smile. "Can I believe it against the evidence of my own senses?"

Lucien controlled himself, and said, as calmly as he was able:

"Will you oblige me, marquis, by stating under what circumstances this meeting took place?"

"Willingly," was Lacordaire's reply. "The place was, as I have said, the *Salon*—"

"The hour?"

"Half-past eleven."

"Impossible!" exclaimed Lucien; "at that hour I was in bed and asleep."

The marquis walked toward the window, probably to conceal his rage at what seemed to him the most audacious of falsehoods.

"Continue, marquis," said Lucien. "Can you inform me how I was dressed at the time of this meeting?"

"Precisely," replied Lacordaire, "in the same clothes which you now have on. But pehaw!" he cried, interrupting himself. "How could you have forgotten? A man does not break the bank

at *rouge et noir* without remembering it for the rest of his lifetime. Allow me, monsieur, to congratulate you upon the acquisition of twenty thousand louis—such, I believe, was your enormous winnings last night—and to take my departure. Henceforth our acquaintance will terminate, as you seem to desire."

The marquis moved toward the door. Lucien sprang forward and seized his arm.

"For Heaven's sake, Lacordaire, tell me that I am not mad or dreaming. You have mentioned the sum of twenty thousand louis—the very amount which I found yonder in the handkerchief upon my table when I awoke this morning!"

"There is nothing strange in this," said the marquis; "nor can I understand your agitation. It is the exact sum of money which, by the most extraordinary run of luck I have ever witnessed, you made last evening."

"But I swear to you by our old friendship, by everything sacred, that for a year past I have not touched a card, or staked a single sou upon any game of chance."

"My dear fellow!" exclaimed the marquis, his face brightening after a moment's reflection, "I understand it all now; the mystery is explained! Do you remember," he went on, "the visit we paid, two years ago, to my chateau in Brittany? Can you recall our heavy games of *écarté* on one especial evening? Have you forgotten how I was awakened by a noise in the chamber adjoining mine—the one which you occupied—at four o'clock in the morning, several hours after we had both retired for the night? Well, Lucien, what did I find there? Was it not yourself, seated at the same table which we had lately quitted, playing *écarté* with an imaginary partner? And when I spoke to you, no notice was taken of my words; you were *sound asleep*, Lucien. Have you forgotten all this?"

"You mean—" stammered Lucien, in a bewildered way.

"I mean that you were in the same somnambulistic condition last night, beyond a doubt, my friend. The master-passion, against which you struggled successfully in your waking hours, gained the victory over you in sleep. There are stranger instances on record concerning sleep-walkers than even this, my dear Lucien; but the marvelous luck which attended your play last night makes the whole affair difficult of credence. Were it not for my experience of your somnambulism at the chateau, I, for one, would doubt the matter strongly, I assure you."

Two weeks later an interview took place at the Hotel Grandinot, in Paris, between Lucien Champsey and his uncle. The words of the old count, at its conclusion, are all that it will be necessary to repeat:

"I am satisfied, Lucien," he said, warmly pressing the nephew's hand, "that you have now fairly relinquished your life of dissipation and folly. As for the almost incredible accident by which three-quarters of your fortune have been restored to you, I can only congratulate you upon such unparalleled good luck, and give my consent to the marriage between André and my nephew. I find that her love is deeper and more sincere than I at first believed; this separation has filled André's spirit with a gloom and melancholy that threatens seriously to impair her health. It is useless for me to hold out longer—and, indeed, Lucien, I feel that your reformation of life merits, as its reward, the hand of your cousin."

Not long after this reconciliation between uncle and nephew, a brilliant wedding-reception took place at the Hotel Grandinot.

At present, with the exception of an occasional visit to Paris during the winter months, the Viscount de Champsey and his beautiful young wife constitute a part of André's bridal bower. Rumor says that they are a model of conjugal happiness; and if the world speaks correctly in this matter, we must agree that the old proverb, "Lucky at cards, unlucky in love," is not always to be considered an infallible axiom.

#### THE CLOWN'S STORY.

BY S. L. READING.

WELL, you see, sir, it seems to be one of them things as won't wear out. It's a thing as attracts children and grown people too—people with young ideas, you know; and as it isn't likely that children will wear out—I mean the custom of having children—why, it ain't likely as circuses 'll ever go down. Why, how the old country people now talk about going up to London to see the sights; why, what's the thing they always reckles best? Why, isn't it about going to "Hashley's"? To be sure it is; and some of 'em will talk to you for long enough about old Ducrow, and Madame Ducrow and her cream ponies, and about Miss Woolford pitching off the horse on to her head, and then about the Batty, and Batty and Cook, and all the rest of it. And I don't care, summer or winter, wet or dry, whenever we go with our troupe into a country town, there is always an audience.

Nothing takes like a circus; and ours takes better than anybody's, I can tell you. I am only an understapper now, you know; but the guvnor did the right thing by me, and of course I do the right thing by him. You see, we always make a good fuse in the shape of well-billing the places we are going to, for it doesn't do to be stingy in that way, and the guvnor has some spicy affairs of rampagious horses, and wonderful jumping, and all the colors that catch the eye; while for the shop-windows there's some lithographs of the performing horse, or the elephant, or the Guttapercus Brothers tied in a human knot, while every one who exhibits has a ticket for free admission.

But it's a queer life, sir, and one not to be envied; only, you see, you must live; and when

there's a wife and some little 'uns, why, of course they must live, too; and having been in the profession all my life, why, I don't seem as if I could do anything out.

There, now, then, them's two of mine coming in the ring now. First one's eleven, and t'other's nine. "The Pigmy Twisters" we call 'em in the bill, and they don't do amiss for their size. Pitch a summerset easy, either of 'em. There they go, you see; and after another year or two's education they'll be a great help to the family, besides having a profession of their own, to make 'em independent when they won't stop in the nest any longer. All they've got to do is to keep clear of their father's accident, for, get a hip-joint put out as I did, and then the country doctor to say as it was a strain, and never try to put it in till it was too late—get in for an accident like that through treading on a piece of orange-peel and slipping when running for a jump, then, it's a doer up for life, as with me.

But it's a queer life, sir. No rest, no comfort, no peace at all. Public house always, and say, now, here's to-day: Long distance to come, and we had to start early to get here in good time; then there was to dress and take part in the procession at one o'clock. Two o'clock, you know, was the morning performance. That was over about four; and then, of course, there was begin again at half-past seven. Ah! and nobody knows but them as has been to it, what being about in the cold, wet weather is—dressing and undressing in a canvas tent, with the wind cutting through, and then hopping over the mud to get into the damp ring, when you're ready to shiver as you slip about, if the weather has been very bad. Well, you get your part through, and then, in nine cases out of ten, what sort of a place have you to go into? Why, one where there's no rest for you on account of its being a busy night, because of the circus, and the house full. So, p'raps you get an hour or two's sleep, p'raps not, according to circumstances.

As for me, you know, I'm one of the tent men; for though one leg shorter than the other makes me limp a good deal, I'm strong, you know, and my job is to see the tent up. You've noticed us strike it as fast as ever we can as soon as the performance is nearly over; dropping the outside, and taking down the cloth curtains that divide the sixpences from the shillings. Well, there's a deal to do over that, I can tell you; for look at the weight of the great tent, and its pole and ropes; besides which it's most always wet, and ever so much heavier than if it was dry. I think sometimes as we have least rest of any one; but then we take it in turns, and sleep in the wagon going from town to town, and that's very refreshing, when once you get used to it. At first, you know, it's decidedly rheumatic, and makes you very queer; but you soon get used to it, and I can stand anything now in the shape of wet and cold. The women feel it worse, poor things, but they seldom grumble, and puts up with everything most patient—no matter what it is; and they have some hard times of it when the weather's bad.

You people come to see and be amused, and we've got to amuse you. Fancy, then, being the clown and coming on with a bad toothache, or a violent cold in the chest, or racked so with rheumatic pains that every moment's agony. Just fancy all that, in a cold spring time, which is the time when you feel the cold most. But, there, you can't fancy it, you people who always have comfortable homes and fires in 'em. I can, though, ah! and realize it, too, for I've been through it all. I began life with my father in a circus as used to go round to the fairs, Greenwich and Camberwell, and the rest of 'em; set up aside of old Richardson's, we used—between them and Jingle's; while Wombell's used to be the other end. Little bit of a chap I was then in tights, and a bit of paint on each chalked cheek, to make me look like a clown; and then I never knew what it was to be afraid, while he took me up on one of the old piebald horses, and held me on his shoulder, or under his arm, or stood me on his head, or out at full length upon his hand, and me all the time with my little arms folded and standing as stiff as a rod.

Do anything he would with me, I never flinched. Used to like it and think it fine fun, feeling all the while as old and deep as could be, while I quite looked down on boys double my age. Then I was regularly drilled into the life, you know, working hard every day at the rehearsals—and very hard work it is. I've done almost everything, from the horse work to the trapeze. I've turned summersets over five horses, and gone through the air like a ball almost. I got well on with the tight-rope, and have walked up a rope to a place a hundred feet high, while the fireworks have been fizzing and sputtering round me, for I always had a good nerve, and never felt afraid of anything; while, though I never got to be a regular crack at any one thing, I was a sure card, and a useful man to a manager; for, if I warn't a star, I never missed my tip. I could always be sure of an engagement, and a pretty good salary; and what followed? Why, what always follows?—why, I must take a fancy to one of our lady riders at Pagan's Classical Cirque National, and get married.

Now, you know, most people when they fall in love, do it by taking a fancy to a face. Well, that's natural, p'raps, but I didn't, for I took a fancy to my wife's way of doing the scarf trick on horseback. I dare say you know what I mean—when they makes a bit of muslin float over them, and all that sort of thing. Well, it struck me one day as the girl who was so clever at that, and was always quiet at rehearsals, and never stood any chaffing, could be clever at other things, and I said to myself, "That's a settler; if she'll have me, I'll have her." And very next night, when we were going through the "Flying Indians"—a piece on two horses, you know, that we'd done dozens of times before in a quiet, business way—I'd got to gallop after her horse while she was pre-

tending to flee from me, and me of course done up in style with feathers and so on.

Then, when her horse was so swift I couldn't ketch her, I makes a lot of dumb motions, and shies my tomahawk at her horse, which begins to halt and then limp, when I close up and pass my arm round her and bring her on to my horse, she pretending to resist; and as she stands going round backward, she hangs away as I hold her.

Well, being a very pretty thing if it is well done, people was all very attentive one night, the one that came after I'd made up my mind; and we'd got to the part where I'd killed her horse, and it was lying in the middle of the ring, when, the music playing so that no one could hear what I said, I says:

"Mary, dear"—her name on the bill was Mademoiselle Marioni—"Mary, dear," I says, "make that real."

"What?" she says.

"Let's make this real," I says; and then out loud, "On, horse!"

"Don't talk nonsense," she says. "Put your arm a little more around my waist—I'm slipping."

"I was just going to, darling," I said. "You shan't slip. I'll support you."

All this time, of course, she was hanging away from me, as if in a rage of fear; but when I said "I'll support you," she half laughed, and said:

"You won't like to—I eat so much."

"Try me," I said. "I'm in earnest, and I mean it. Mind your balance."

"Don't, please," she says then, and I quite started to hear how pitifully she spoke.

"Well, I won't," I says, "dear, only let's make it real."

"Well," she says, saucily, "I will make it real, and she hung away from me fiercer than ever, just like a wild Indian maid, while the people clapped again.

And she did make it real, for I found the tongue to say so much, that that piece was acted real right through; and when at last it came to her coming round and resting her arm on my shoulder, and me with my arm round her waist, holding her right up, and all the time flourishing my bow in the other, while the horse went as hard as he could, I felt so happy and so satisfied with one or two words that had never been said to me before, that I finished the piece off with what I mean to say was a real touch of nature. I drew her a little closer to me, and kissed her, regularly bringing down the house.

As we went off, there was Mary's father, who did the sword trick and the rings; Fo-To-Li-No his name was on the bill, because he was a Chinese in the profession, though we always called him by his proper name, Bodger Dodd. Well, there was Mary's father waiting with shawl and her goloshes; and he says to me, very fierce:

"You're nation fast, Tom French. I never see that last bit in the Flying Indians afore."

"No more didn't I, old man," I says, slapping him on the shoulder; "but we're going to make it real."

The old man and I had it over that night—over some stouts and oysters, and Mary was there, looking as blushing and sweet as a girl could look; and, a month after, sir, we made it real, very much to our manager's disgust, for I wouldn't let Mary go into the ring any more after putting her finger into the little one I bought her: and she had lodgings at Camberwell, and we were very happy for six years, all the time I could be at home; and then, after a month's trip, I got back one day to find her old father there, for he'd joined another troupe, and the old chap had got the news before I did, and he shook hands with me, and then broke down crying like a little child.

But I couldn't cry; I couldn't believe it, I couldn't think that it was real as all this—that she was gone—gone forever. It seemed something I couldn't understand, though they told me again and again as she was dead, and had been put in the cold ground two days before.

At last, though, it all seemed to come home to me, and I sat there, I think, for three days, doing nothing hardly but look at the three little ones that were left to me, but at the end of those three days my manager came to hunt me up, and took me back with him in a cab, and he always was a trump to me, though I was never the same man again, while p'raps it was all for the best that poor Mary went, for it saved her many a heartache, and no end of poverty.

It was about a year after she died that I was doing clown for the trip, making faces and saying the same funny things over and over again, night after night, when, while I was doing half-a-dozen summersets running, I put one foot on a piece of orange-peel.

I can't tell you anything more about it, sir, only that I left that town a cripple. I got soft if I think much about it, for I'm afraid I was very proud of what I was as a man.

It's a dangerous life, sir, but in the struggle for a living a man must run risks, and besides, you've your risks in all trades. But really, you know, there's a fatal accident in half of the feats and scenes as you folks pay your money to see in a circus; though we take so much care and practice so hard that we generally keep the accidents at a distance.

Only one more scene after the elephant comes off, carrying his tub, sir, and then down tent, and a bit of sleep and be off. Strange life, ain't it, sir? Artificial, too; but there's a real side to it; and, there, did you hear that? that's one of my boys calling me. There he is, peeping round the corner, and giving me the cue in a loud whisper. "Father," he says; ah! and I like the sound of that word—seems to warm up one's heart; but there's always a corner that I keep for the recollection of one thing: and that is, Having it Real!

SEYMOUR's prescription to save the Constitution—keep out of the draft.

#### Home for Destitute and Starving Dogs, Holingsworth Street, Islington, England.

The lost and starving creatures of the canine species astray in the streets of London have a comfortable house of accommodation to go to, if they only knew it. With a view to assist them, unless they be very sad dogs indeed, we would direct them to Holingsworth street, Islington; but it is such an out-of-the-way place that even an intelligent and inquiring biped might have some difficulty in finding it. In a maze of obscure, shabby-respectable little streets north of Barnsbury and near Holloway road, within half a mile of the Highbury road station of the North London railway, is a recess formerly called Marriott grove, now guarded by wide green gates, which bear the inscriptions, "Refuge and Temporary Home for Lost and Starving Dogs: No Admittance except on Business." For the information and warning of dogs who have learnt to read, this notice might have been accompanied with a quotation from Dante; but it is only applicable, for reasons that will be mentioned, to worthless curs whose owners are not likely to call for them. "Lasciate ogni speranza, voi che entrate!" which signifies, as every Italian grayhound is aware, "Put your tails between your legs, and make up your minds to be hanged!" The animal who rings the bell and walks into this abode of a discriminating benevolence, will find himself in a spacious paved courtyard adjoining a small enclosed patch of dingy grass that might pass for a town paddock. A range of sheds with lofts above them full of straw, the approach to which is defended by a light railing, contains the several wards available for casual four-footed tramps, who are not required, we believe, to say what parish they belong to. The superintendent, Mr. James Pavitt, is a kind man to dogs, and will make them happy without asking them many questions. He is always to be found in his cottage at the left hand extremity of the range of buildings.

Good beds are provided in the snug compartments, separated from each other by lath partitions, where the different classes of canine applicants find suitable lodgings. They are well fed, and freely allowed to amuse themselves by conversation or by any innocent games and pastimes agreeable to their taste and capacity; and if they "delight to bark and bite," there is no rule against it; but they cannot bite each other, and the keeper will take care not to let them bite him. It is not perhaps generally known, since many foolish persons will pamper their unhappy pups and spaniels and Skye terriers with the regular number of five meals a day expected by themselves and their fashionable domestics, that a dog ought to be fed but once in the twenty-four hours, and then to eat his fill. Such is the ordinary dietary practice, with regard at least to adult dogs of a robust species, at the Institution. They have plenty of meat, and plenty of time to digest it, which is the best law of health for dog or man, and the surest way of defying the doctor.

In case, however, of any disease which nature alone does not cure being found among the inmates of this hospitable retreat, Mr. Pavitt has some skill in veterinary medicine, and is an attentive nurse. He is also, in extreme need, a benevolent executioner; for, as was hinted above, there are some dogs whose life is of no value to themselves or to anybody else. When a fellow of this good-for-nothing description has enjoyed the bounty of so liberal an institution more than a fortnight without paying for it, being in fact, a pauper, and having no master to reclaim or employ him, then he is gently invited to retire from existence; for human science has invented several easy and painless devices to relieve an unlucky dog of the burden of his mortality, cheaper than permitting him "to eat his own head off."

According to a printed placard hung up in sight of all the dogs, the weekly payment for boarding a mastiff or a Newfoundland is four shillings; for a greyhound, pointer, or setter, it is three shillings; for a terrier or small spaniel, two shillings, and the same for a mongrel puppy, whelp, or cur of low degree.

It is worthy of observation that, by this official scale of charges, it costs as much to keep a dog in London as to keep a child. There are people in London, and even women—or rather ladies, not women—who are not ashamed to say they like dogs better than children. Neither the children nor the dogs like them, and the men like them least of all. But few persons will find fault with the man or woman who, after fulfilling the duties of true human benevolence and kindly affection toward human beings, would expend the surplus of those feelings on a favorite dog. Any dog which has been at the "Home" unclaimed a fortnight, may be chosen and taken by any visitor, on payment of a moderate donation, which must bear some proportion to the estimated value of the animal, though far beneath its price if sold. But the person who gets a dog on these easy terms is required to sign a promise that he will give it up to the lawful owner, if required, on repayment of the donation and payment of the expense of keep. Such are the rules and ordinances of this singular institution. It is conducted on principles of toleration and liberality, since "no dog is to be refused admittance," whatever be his race, his social rank, or his religious creed.

The "Home" was founded in 1860, by a philanthropic lady of a ripe old age, and is supported by a corporation or body of subscribers, like all other London charities.

#### The Late Hon. Thomas H. Seymour, Ex-Governor of Connecticut.

THOMAS H. SEYMOUR, ex-Governor of Connecticut, died at his residence in Hartford, Conn., on Thursday evening, September 3d, of typhoid fever. The deceased was born in Hartford, in 1808, and was consequently in the sixty-first year of his age. His early education was carefully attended to, and when he arrived at proper years he was sent to the Military Academy at Middletown, where he pursued his studies with much energy and displayed considerable ability. After leaving the academy, he remained at home for a short time, and then commenced the practice of law, for which profession he exhibited an early predilection. As a lawyer he was quite successful, and realized a handsome income from the practice of the profession which he selected to follow. Desiring to satisfy an inclination for journalistic fame, he attached himself to one of the leading papers of his State, and his literary abilities, together with his close observation of passing events, enabled him in a comparatively short time to fill the editorial chair—a position which he occupied with much honor and profit to himself and those interested in the publication of the paper.

The acquaintances which he formed among men of all classes, and the popularity which he won for himself by his genial and warm disposition, associated with a longing for political fame, induced him to become a candidate for Congressional honors. He accordingly entered the political arena. His friends worked hard for him, and succeeded in securing the prize he sought. This was in 1843. He continued in office during the whole term, and was always noted for his industry

while in the House, in the discharge of any duty that fell to his share.

Desiring a more active life, he went to Mexico in 1846, as Major of the New England regiment, and after the fall of Colonel Ransom, assumed his command. With General Scott he was present at the operations before the city of Mexico. At the battle of Chapultepec, on the 13th of September, 1847, he highly distinguished himself, and was promoted for gallant and meritorious conduct. This was alike a compliment to his prowess as well as to his coolness on that memorable day. Having returned to his native State, he again entered into political life.

In 1850 he became a candidate for the first position of the people of his State on the Democratic ticket. The canvass was well contested on all sides. The resources of all parties were brought into requisition to secure the success of their favorite nominees. Nothing was left undone, and at one time it was thought doubtful for the democratic candidate; but victory perched upon the banner of Seymour, and he was elected to the gubernatorial chair. This office he held for three successive terms. After President Pierce was elected Chief Magistrate of the nation he was appointed Mr. Seymour as Minister to Russia. On his return from Europe he engaged in the politics of his State, and worked very laboriously for the success of the Democratic party. He became a candidate for Governor in 1866, but was defeated for the office.

The private life of Governor Thomas Seymour was one that added honor to his public career, and found an ample and fitting reward in a large circle of friends and admirers.

The funeral ceremonies took place in Hartford on Monday, September 7th. Despite the cloudy skies, the streets were thronged by strangers, who came on the early trains from every neighboring town. Flags were displayed at half-mast on the public and many private buildings, and many stores and residences were draped in mourning. Services were held at the residence of the deceased ex-Governor at 11 o'clock, A. M., by the Knights Templars, after which the body was borne by them to Christ's Church, where it lay in state until 2 o'clock, and was visited by thousands. The remains were enclosed in a heavy rosewood casket, covered with black cloth with silver trimmings.

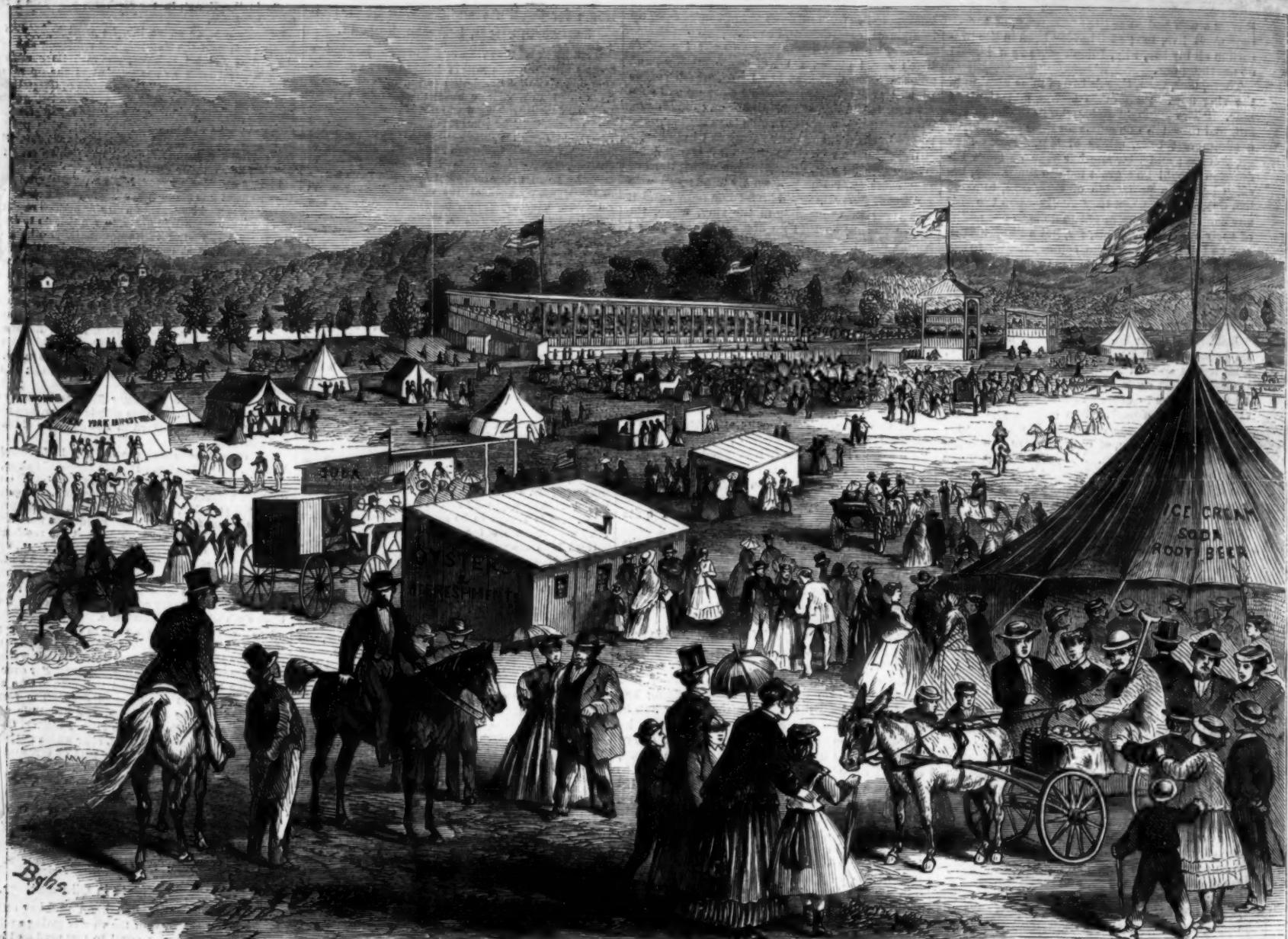
The body was plainly attired in black, and near it was the ex-Governor's sword, while on the left breast rested the Masonic jewel of his order, but a few months ago presented by his brother Masons. For over two hours the throng moved past the coffin to take a last look at the face of the honored dead. The features retained a life-like expression, and had little of the appearance of death. A little after 2 o'clock, the services at the church were held, after which the procession was formed, consisting in part of three military companies, with bands, Knights Templars from Hartford, New Haven, and Springfield, with bands, Masonic Lodges, Governor English and staff, Judges and Clerks of the State Courts, and members of the Bar and City Government, Irish and German civic societies, and others, making a column about a mile in length. The remains were interred at Cedar Hill Cemetery.

#### Stereoscopic Effects in Oil Paintings.

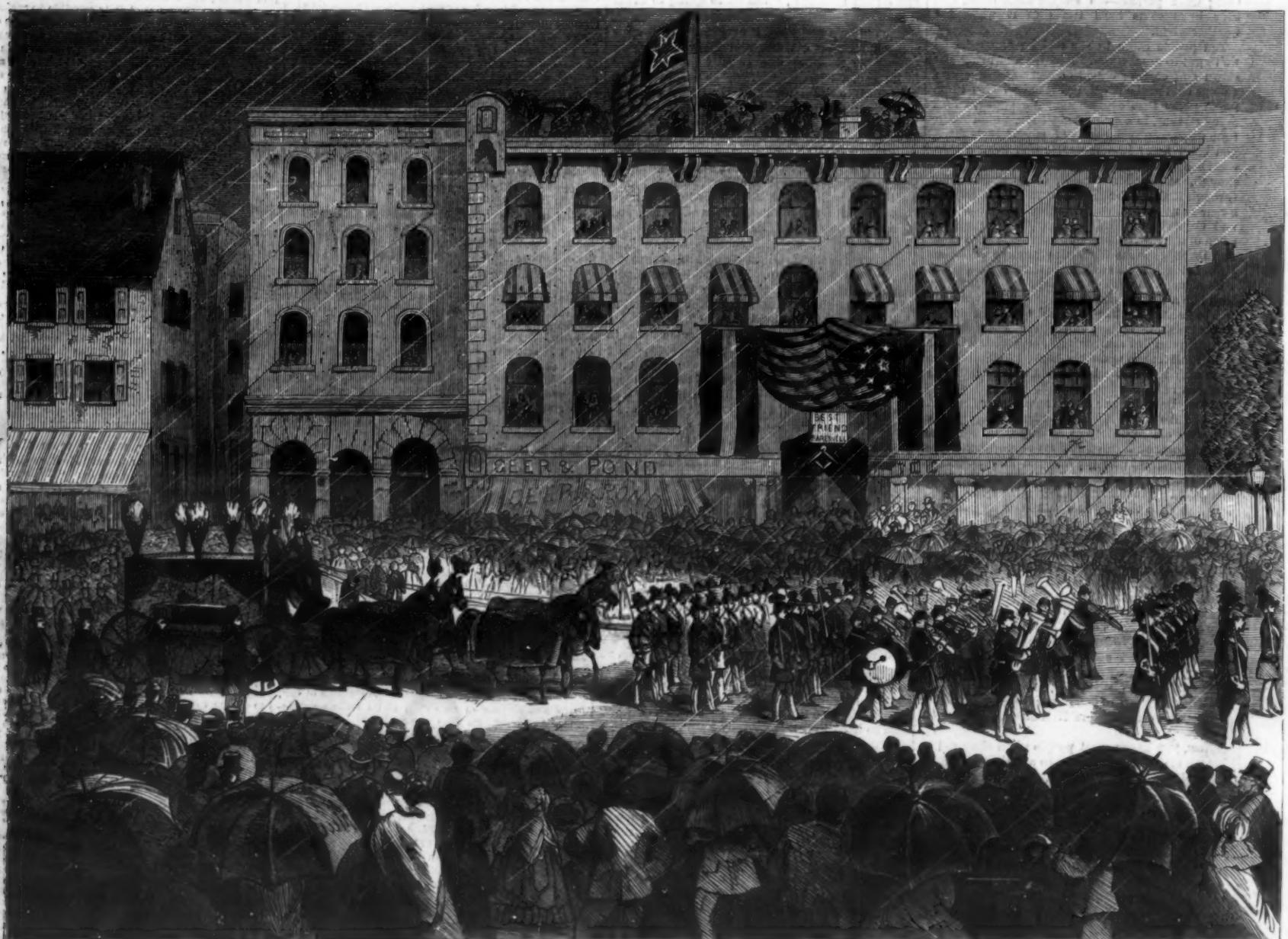
An English artist has been making experiments in oil colors, with the view of giving a relief to objects in his pictures equal to that produced by the stereoscope. The London *Herald* says:

"As imitations of nature, his pictures are certainly remarkable; more especially in respect to light and shade he has shown that it is possible to realize the most subtle transitions, while the most delicate of reflected lights do not escape his vigilance. In a group of high-bred horses, whose glossy coats shine with dazzling splendor in the noonday sun, he has found a good subject to illustrate his new style of art. If the object of painting be to cheat the senses by passing off the picture for the reality, we can quite conceive that Mr. Bott could go a long way in producing such results, for he has shown that he can impart unusual roundness and relief to his forms even as we see them relieved in the stereoscope. But grave authorities on art matters have decided that this perfection of imitation is not the true aim of painting; but on the contrary, that the pencil should be taught to reject minor details, which distract from the great whole which a composition should always assume; that the painter should depict what he beholds in the mirror of the imagination, rather than make a minute transcript of objects as they appear to keen, critical eyes. Painting is a creative art. Genius will often realize, by a few strokes of the pencil, ideas and effects full of pathos and dramatic power, which the mere imitator could not rival by excessive labor. Nevertheless, Mr. Bott's system of painting would be of excellent use to the student, by instructing him in the true form and character of objects. The painter who begins by generalizing, ends by being vague. Mr. Bott's method of study would lead to truthfulness, and, therefore, regarded as a means, as an exercise, might be recommended to the young. It must, however, always be understood that a Deneur-like fidelity and a stereoscopic-like relief are not regarded as beauties by those who have thought much and written much about the great art of painting."

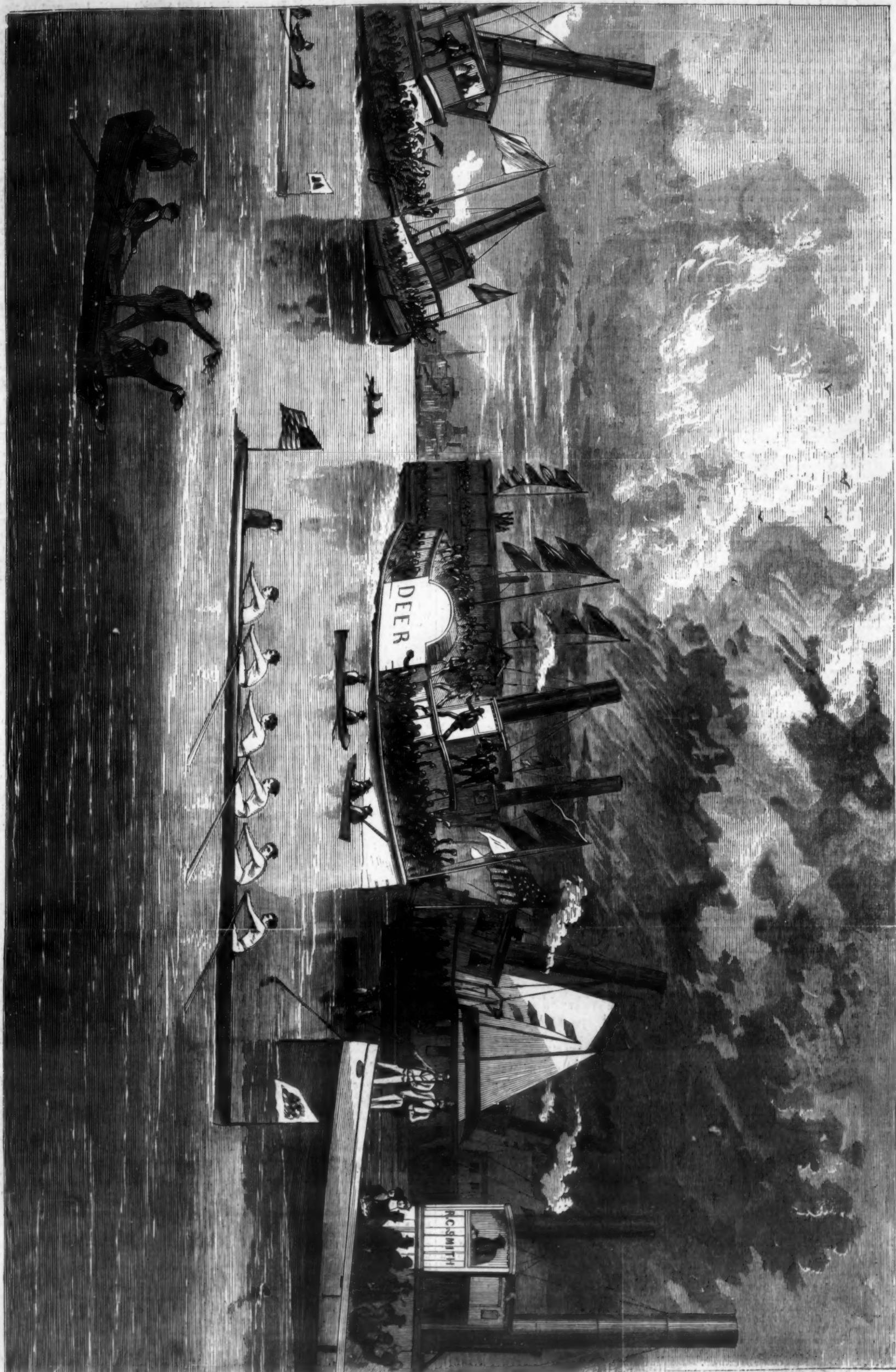
A CORRESPONDENT, writing from the White Mountains, explains how a masked ball was improvised by the guests at one of the hotels: "The problem—to borrow the style of 'Foul Play'—is to have a masquerade ball in a hotel in the midst of the White Mountains, where there are no masks or costumes within a thousand leagues, more or less. The solution is at once simple and satisfactory. The ladies doff their crinolines and array themselves in white sheets, with white masks made of linen, and head-dresses of pocket-handkerchiefs. The gentlemen become goblins by putting on masks of black cambric and ladies' waterproof cloaks, with the hoods drawn well over the head. In this garb the ball was opened, and the effect was in the highest degree novel and striking. The disguise was complete, and not only was it next to impossible to discover one's nearest friend, but the similarity of the ghosts was so great, that, if one engaged a partner for a dance ahead and then lost sight of her, it was not easy to find her again. The dress of the gentlemen did not in the least suggest Mr. Jefferson Davis trying to escape from his captors, as might be supposed, but was really weird and ghoulish enough to fairly match the costume of the ladies. When this sprightly company of spirits marched about the hall, I could think of nothing but the incantation scene in 'Robert le Diable,' although the effect was ludicrous. I need not speak of the pleasure of the dance, but there were some witches there from whom not even Tam O'Shanter would have fled. Of course these disguises were taken off after a time, and then some very curious mistakes were discovered,



SPRINGFIELD CLUB FAIR, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.—VIEW OF THE GROUND DURING THE RACES, SEPT. 10TH.—FROM A SKETCH BY FRANK BOLLES.—SEE PAGE 27.



FUNERAL OF THE LATE THOMAS H. SEYMOUR, AT HARTFORD, CONN., SEPT. 7TH.—FROM A SKETCH BY HENRY C. CURTIS.—SEE PAGE 23.



GRAND REGATTA OF THE HUDSON RIVER ROWING ASSOCIATION, SEPT. 10<sup>th</sup>, OFF THE ELYSIAN FIELDS, HOBOKEN—CLOSE OF THE FOURTH RACE.—THE MUTUALS LEADING ON THE HOMESTRETCH.—SEE PAGE 27.

## THE STAR AND THE WATER-LILY.

A star looked down at even  
Where earth in her beauty slept,  
And over her breast, like a blessing given,  
The breath of the night breeze crept,  
And light shone out from the perfect heaven,  
And smiled where the dewdrops wept.  
  
The star sent down a ray,  
A bright uncertain beam,  
That fled from heaven, away, away,  
And fell in a glassy stream—  
And the star gazed there where its image lay,  
Oh, dim as a distant dream.  
  
Its lover-star was bright,  
And its kin beyond compare,  
But it turned its face from their nearer light,  
To the streamlet that seemed so fair,  
And dreamed and dreamed through the long,  
long night  
On its image reflected there;  
  
Till the beauty erst it had  
Paled out from the skies above,  
And its pure star-lover, erewhile so glad,  
With a kindred sorrow strove;  
For he saw that its heart grew sick and sad  
With the weight of an earthly love.  
  
And he said—"The stream is clear,  
But clearer thy native sky;"  
And he sighed—"That image seems fair and  
near,  
But thy star-love is yet more nigh;"  
He wept—"Oh, live in thy beauty here,  
Nor look upon earth—to die!"  
  
Alas!—for it would not mark,  
But turned with a weary woe,  
And fainter, fainter, a trembling spark,  
It hung o'er the depths below—  
Then fell—and its place in the heaven was dark  
By the spirit that loved it so.  
  
But ever at night, from the cold wet wave,  
It looked to the skies afar,  
To gaze on the light that the heaven gave,  
And mourn for its lover-star—  
For the stars that fall to an earthly grave  
The souls of the lilies are.

## AMONG SHARPS.

In February, last year, I came to London for the day, on business which took me into the city. Having accomplished the purpose of my visit more quickly than I expected, I was strolling leisurely along St. Paul's Churchyard, with the view of working my way into the Strand. The time of day was something after twelve at noon, and of all the busy stream of people that flowed cityward or ebb past me, it seemed that I was the only loiterer. A man, however, walking nearly as slowly as I, seeing me smoking as he passed, at last stopped and asked me for a light. I gave him a match. He fell back a little out of the stream of traffic into the shelter of a shop-window corner, to light his cigar in peace. He was a short man about six and thirty, with brown beard and whiskers, face a trifle marked with small-pox, well-dressed, of gentlemanly appearance, and spoke with a strong (indeed, much too strong) American twang.

As I continued my stroll I soon became aware that I was followed by this gentleman.

The slower I walked, the slower he walked. It is not comfortable to be followed—so I pulled up to let him pass. Instead of doing so, he no sooner came up with me, than he pulled up too.

He set his head just a thought out of the perpendicular, and looking me full in the face, said, "Guess this is a tall city? Rather tangled to get about in, though? Now, it ain't like Philadelphia, where our critters knew what they was going at before they begun to build, and ruled all the streets straight ahead in right lines. No, sir."

"No?" I said curiously, and was moving on.

"No, sir," he continued, walking by my side, "and its useless for a stranger in yore city to give his mind to going anywhere, for he ain't likely to get there. Now, if it ain't reude of a stranger asking it, because he is a stranger (and we know how to treat strangers in our country, sir), where air you going to? Happen you can put me in the way where I'm goin' to."

"I am making for the Strand," I said; "if your way lies in that direction, I can show it you; if not, I can tell you how to find it."

"Just where I'm castin' about to get to," he returned; "my moorings is at a hotel opposite Somerset House, and as soon as I get into the Strand, I can fix myself right up. So I'll just couple on to you."

I allowed him to do so. I hinted that I had no wish to show courtesy to a citizen of that great nation to which he belonged. My companion had plenty to say. He rattled on about the States being this and the States being that, so that it was needless for me to do any more talking than an occasional interjection of surprise or satisfaction, each of which was acknowledged with a Yes, sir, or a No, sir, completely final. He told me he had only been in England for fortnight—just taken a run over to see the old country—and should be back in New York again in a couple of months.

When we had passed through Temple Bar, I told him he could be in no further doubt as to his way, since he was now in the Strand.

"I'm considerable obliged," he said. "I'll do as much for you when you come to New York. But you ain't goin' to part company like that?"

I had freed my arm and held out my hand to wish him good-morning.

"You'll just do a spell?" he continued.

"A what?" said I.

"Du I not make myself clear to the British intellect? Reckon you'll liquor?"

No, I reckoned I had rather be excused.

"Wal," he said, chewing his cigar so that it assumed a rotary motion, and its point described a circle over his face. "Wal, sir, it's a custom we

hev in our country, and we think it rather scaly manners to refuse. Reckon you Britishers do not think it scaly to slight a friend's hospitality in the street. We du."

As he persisted in regarding my refusal almost in the light of a personal insult, and would not listen to any explanation that we do not regard the declining of "drinks" in a similar light in our own country, I yielded the point.

We retraced our steps a short distance and entered a wine store, on the city side of Temple Bar, a very respectable place, where wines are drawn from the wood. Small round marble tables and light chairs are dispersed about the shop for the convenience of customers. Here my companion compounded a drink of soda water and gin and lemon and ginger, of which he wished me to partake. I declined the mixture, and took a glass of sherry. We might have sat five minutes, when a tall and important-looking personage lounged into the wine-shop. As he entered, he cast a supercilious look upon all the occupants of the tables; then, raising his head, he removed his cigar and emitted a long column of smoke from his lips as a contemptuous verdict of loyally disapproval on the society he had joined. He was well-dressed—irreproachably, so far as the quality and cut of his clothes were concerned: but they seemed to assert that conscious independence of their wearer that new clothes will assert over a person who has been up all night. His black hair and small mustache were scrupulously well-arranged, but his eyes blinked in the daylight, seemingly for want of a night's rest.

He sauntered up to our table and emitted another superior column of smoke over our heads.

"Know this swell?" my Yankee friend whispered.

I shook my head.

"Thought he might be a member of yore Congress, or a tailor's advertisement, or some other nob."

There was a spare chair at our table, and the person thus irreverently alluded to, after some time spent in mentally estimating the relative merits of the other vacant chairs, appeared to prevail on himself to take it and sit down.

"Spree, last night," he condescended to say presently. Champagne supper and things till all was blue."

"Very pretty tipple," said my American friend.

"Ya-as. Then coming home with some fellahs, we saw a Hansom waiting outside a doctor's door, and we chained the man's cab to an iron post."

"Man curse much?"

"Bay Jove, ya-as. Doctor damning the cabman and swearing he should be late, cabby cutting into his horse like forty thousand, and couldn't tell what was up."

"Will you liquor?" inquired my American friend.

"No; 'pon m' word, you know—you'll allow me. Waiter, bottle of champagne!"

"Wal, reckon I'm not particular, so as we du liquor. (Original Champagne Charlie," the American whispered to me).

The swell put his hand in his breast-pocket and carelessly drew out a roll of notes, one of which he changed to pay for the champagne.

My American friend nudged me and raised his eyebrows.

"You'll excuse me, stranger," he said, "but if I was in yore place I would take care of those notes and not keep 'em in a breast-pocket, nor yet flash 'em about."

"Oh," said the swell, "I always carry them so."

"Then, maybe you don't live in London, sir?"

"Oh, bay Jove, no. The fact is, my uncle has lately died and left me a fine property down in Essex, and till the lawyers have settled up, I came to have a flutter in town."

"Then you'll excuse me once again, but if I was in yore place I wouldn't flutter my notes," and the American appealed to me for justification.

"You see you never know what company you may be in."

I thought I knew what company I was in, but I didn't say so.

"Aw! for that matter," said the swell, "I know I am always safe in the company of gentlemen."

"That's correct. But how do you tell a gentleman from a coon?"

"Well, I think a man's a gentleman—aw—if he's got money in his pocket."

"Happen you're right. But how much money must a man have in his pocket to prove him a gentleman?"

"Nothing less than five pund," said the swell.

"Wal, I dunno. But for my part, I shouldn't like you to think you were talkin' with any one but a gentleman, as far as I'm concerned," and my American friend produced his purse.

"Aw," said the swell, before he opened it, "bay Jove, I'll bet you a new hat, you haven't got five pund in your purse."

"Done with you!" said my esteemed friend.

And on exhibiting his purse, he showed nearly thirty sovereigns, as well as I could judge.

"Aw, then I've lost, and I owe you a hat. Aw, here is my card."

He handed it to us both. Frederick Church, Esquire.

I was impressed with the notion that the faces of both these men were somehow familiar to me.

The American nudged me again, and bestowed upon me an encouraging wink.

"Reckon now you won't bet my friend here he hasn't got five sovereigns about him?"

He nudged me again.

"Ya-as, I will," said Mr. Church, languidly. "I often do it for a lark. I am generally about right twice out of three times."

I said that I didn't bet.

"Aw, well some people don't. I wouldn't persuade anybody, 'm sure. Sure to lose in the long run. Bay Jove, I know I do. But just for the sport of the thing, I don't mind standing a new hat if you've got five pund about you. Your friend

shall be a witness. It's all right, you know, among gentlemen."

I produced my purse. It contained about seven pounds in gold and silver. I also had about me a gold watch and chain, a ring or two, and a shirt pin. I observed just the faintest sign of an interchange of intelligence between my companions.

"Ah, lost again," Mr. Church remarked; "well, can't be helped. Another bottle of champagne."

This bottle my American friend insisted on paying for. I drank very little.

"Really, you know," Mr. Church remarked over the new bottle, "most singular thing—aw—three fellahs, perfect strangers, should meet like this—and all of us strange to London. Bay Jove. You're from the North (I had told them so, which was true), I'm from the East, and our friend and American brother, aw, if I may call him so, is from the West. Tell you what. As soon as ever the lawyers have done up my business, you shall both come down to my place in Essex and see me. Jolly good welcome, and denc'd good shooting. You shoot, of course?"

"Sheut! Wal, a small piece. I was Lieutenant in General Sherman's army for three years, and very pretty sheutin' we had. Conclu'de you mean rifle sheutin'?"

"Oh, no; shooting game," Mr. Church explained.

"You don't du rifle sheutin', then?"

"Bay Jove, no. I only shoot pheasants and partridges, and all that sort of thing."

"Reckon yu're a good shot, perhaps?"

"No, nothing uncommon."

"Wal, how many times d'yu concleade yu'd hit the bull's-eye out of twenty with a rifle?"

"Oh, aw, I suppose sixteen," said Mr. Church.

"Bet you ten dollars you don't hit it fourteen."

"Done."

"Very good, sir. My friend here shall be umpire."

This was I.

"Oh, no; hang it. He's a friend of yours—that's not fair. Have the landlord."

Thus Mr. Church.

The American explained that the landlord could not leave his business, and that I was only an acquaintance of half an hour, and could not be prejudiced either way. So, with some apparent reluctance, Mr. Church consented.

The next thing was, where should we go "to sheut off the affair," as my American friend put it. "I know there's a place Westminster way," he said. "I know there is, 'cause the volunteers sheut there."

I told him no; the volunteers did not shoot at Westminster, but only paraded.

"I mean a gallery," he said. I know I had a sheut there with one or two volunteers last week; but I couldn't find the place again."

"Call a cab," suggested Church. "Cabby'll be sure to know."

"Where to, sir?" the cabman asked Church.

"Westminster Palace Hotel," he replied.

I was in a cab with two men whose object was to rob me, and I was being driven whither they directed. However, I was not going to be cowed at riding alone with two thieves through the crowded London streets in broad day, and I was bent on disappointing them. As we rode on, they pretended ignorance of the various buildings we passed. I pointed out Somerset House, the Charterhouse Hotel, National Gallery, Whitehall, etc.

Arrived at Westminster, Mr. Church dismissed the cab. We could walk the rest of the way, he said, and the cabman had told him where the shooting-gallery was. The two walked one on either side of me. We came to a dirty back street immediately behind the Westminster Palace Hotel, down that, and to the right—a dirtier street still. I said this was a strange situation for a shooting gallery. "It was all right when you got there," Mr. Church said; "it was kept very snug."

At the lower end of this street, I was not at all ill pleased to see a policeman talking to a woman.

I tried my utmost to catch his eye as we passed, but without success. We turned down a third street of slimy houses, with here and there the filthy red curtain of a low public-house. Sharp round the corner into a blind alley. A dank greasy brick wall blocked the other end of the place, so I knew we had reached our destination.

Scarcely more than one of the dilapidated wooden houses in the alley showed outward signs of being tenanted; decayed shutters were nailed up to the windows; the whole frontage was smothered in filth and grime. The most villainous-looking public-house I ever set my eyes on was the last house but one, nearest the wall.

"That's the gallery," said Church.

"Reckon it is," said my American friend.

"That's the identical crib where I made some fine sheutin' last week. Come along."

I followed them to the door. A woman went out as they entered. "Go and fetch — and —," two names I could not catch, I overheard Church whisper. The men went in first. I following. The beer-shop bar was a filthy room, about six feet square, on the right as we entered, with only a window to serve beer through. The passage was long. About three yards down it, was a partition with a half-door, very strong. I saw, too, that it had a strong hasp or catch to it, without a handle, so that, once past that, a victim was shut in like a mouse in a trap. I stopped there.

"Come along, and look sharp," said my American friend, with less twang than before; "here's the gallery," and he opened a door on the left.

I looked in at that open door. I saw a strong room or cell, seven feet square, as near as I can judge—nothing but bare brick walls, no window (it was lighted for the moment from the passage), and deep sawdust on the floor. Both the men were beside the door, standing half in light, half in shadow.

"Harry the Maid, and Churcher," I said, "I know you both, it won't do, and you have lost

some valuable time!" I slammed the half-door to gain a moment's time from pursuit, and took to my heels. I had been in the court at Worcester when these two men were tried for card-sharpening. I never slackened speed until I came upon the policeman, who was still talking to the woman.

"Police-man," I said, "I think I can put you on two people you want, perhaps—Harry the Maid and Churcher."

"Harry the Maid," he replied, "is the greatest card-sharper in England, and Churcher is the top of skittle sharp; but that's not their only trade."

I told him of my adventure, and how I had tried to arrest his attention as I passed.

"Look you here, sir," he said, "as you've got away alive, and with your clothes on, from those two, just you be very thankful for having done well, and don't ask for anything more. If you had caught my eye as you passed, I wouldn't have gone into that crib after you—no, nor yet if there had been two more along with me. If we want a man out of that place, we go ten and a dozen strong; and even then it's a risk."

"But supposing I had really been a simple countryman, and passed that half-door and gone into the trap?" I asked.

"If you had come out any more, it would have been in your shirt," replied the policeman.

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of whom there are generally about a hundred and fifty on board.

There is, in some respects, still more interest attached to our friend the Chichester, on account of the remarkable circumstances connected with its establishment as a training-ship. We may almost say that it was done by the "Amateur Casual," a writer for the daily press who had the courage to dare the ordeal of a night spent in the casual ward of a workhouse, in order that he might see with his own eyes the aspect which life puts on in such a place. He did not know at the time all the good he was doing. His vivid writing drew the attention of statesmen, societies, and private individuals to certain episodes in the life of the poor, which had before been very imperfectly known; and the insight thus given has led to measures of improvement in more directions than one. Among others, a benevolent society took up the matter, a society connected with "Refugees for Homeless and Destitute Children." This association has worked on for about a quarter of a century, chiefly in two directions—Refuge Industries and Ragged Schools, both alike intended for "the wandering tribes of little ones who swarm the streets of the wealthiest city in the world." It maintains about a hundred boys at a refuge in Great Queen street, where they are housed, fed, clothed, schooled, instructed in moral and religious duties, and taught some useful trade, such as carpentering, tailoring, firewood-chopping, and especially shoemaking. There they may be seen, sitting in groups, and gradually becoming indoctrinated in the useful science of high-lows and clumps, uppers and unders, soles and heels, welts and inners, hobnails and sparsables, dubbing and wax-end.

Besides this, there are two Refuges for girls, where the poor things are maintained and taught useful employments, instead of tramping through all sorts of misery to all sorts of vice.

Then came the ship-scheme, which the last Report of the Society tells us arose thus:

"Within a few days after the publication in the *Pall Mall Gazette* of the letters of the 'Amateur Casual,' narrating his personal experience of the horrors of the casual ward in Lambeth Workhouse" (horrors due to boys of tender age being found mixing with some of the vilest men that can be found), "the committee issued invitations to all the boys in that and similar wards to a supper, which took place under the presidency of Lord Shaftesbury. It was attended by nearly two hundred of these destitute lads. After the repast, when the noble lord put the question, 'If a ship was moored in the Thames, how many of you would go on board?' the hands of all present were held up in the affirmative. At that time, there were a hundred boys in the Refuge; but forty more were at once admitted, and within a week this number was increased to sixty. The committee then determined to extend their operations; and the scheme adopted was this—to retain a hundred boys in the Queen Street Refuge; to establish a training-ship for two hundred more, to be educated and prepared for a seafaring life; and to purchase a country-house, with from sixty to a hundred acres of land, where a hundred other lads might be trained to agricultural pursuits."

Of these schemes, the only one with which we have here to do is that of the ship. Why a ship-life was proposed for the poor little "casuals" was explained by the chairman at one of the meetings.

"You may ask, why have we chosen this mode of educating these boys; why train them for a seafaring life? My answer is, that wherever we go, from the banks of the Thames to the furthest point north, if we only put the question to one of these poor, ragged, and destitute little ones whether he would like to go to sea, he will invariably answer: 'Yes, that I should; it is what I prefer above all things.' . . . There is another thing: I hold it to be a matter of vital importance to the welfare of this country that we should have a supply of good, intelligent, and well-conducted boys both for the royal and mercantile marine."

The latter is certainly in need of improvement, which boys trained to obedience and self-restraint are likely to further. On the application of the chairman of the society, the Admiralty gave them the Chichester, an old timber-built 50-gun frigate, one of those which have been rendered obsolete by steam and iron, paddle and screw, ram and armor-plate. The ship, as a mere hulk, was, we believe, a gift; but with it were supplied a store of masts, sails, and other necessaries, valued at two thousand pounds odd, which were to be paid for in a certain number of months. Mr. Green, of Blackwall, took the old ship in hand, and fitted it up as a living and working home for two hundred boys, besides putting into ship-shape the masts and rigging, and other nautical appliances. He did this at cost-price; and another shipbuilder supplied part of the rigging on similar terms.

Thus it was, then, that, some few months ago, the old Chichester found herself snugly moored down at Greenhithe, all clean and tidy within and without, under the control of Captain Alston. Plenty of boys might be found to occupy all the available space; but until funds become more abundant, the number is limited to somewhat over a hundred.

We stand on the little jetty near the constabulary gun-brig at Greenhithe, and are pulled over in a boat to the Chichester by some of the boys—all of whom practice at the oar as part of the work they have to learn. A mode of ascending the old wooden sides is provided, more convenient than is necessary for ordinary sea-life, seeing that ladies are occasionally among the visitors. The captain and a few necessary officers on board are courteous, and ready to show and explain all; for the more generally the institution is known, the more will its merits be appreciated. The boys are most of them up aloft, swarming about the yards and masts, tops and rigging, in evident conformity to some system of instruction; for we hear orders shouted up to them, which they obey

with alacrity, more or less dependent on the progress they have made. When they descend, running down the rigging as sailors only can run and assemble below stairs to sing, a healthy-looking and orderly set, one is very likely to speculate on the history which each boy would have to tell if questioned. They belong, not to the criminal, but to the friendless and neglected class. They became houseless, by some or other of the various calamities which bring so many children in London to misery. Some came from ragged schools, some from casual wards, some from police stations (whether "Street Arabs" often find their way, under police guidance), some from night-refuges; some were brought by clergymen and city missionaries, while some applied personally for any honest work which the society could give them. If their song of "Nay, John—nay, John," a temperance effusion, which they shout out as lustily as "Hearts of Oak" and "God Save the Queen"—if this should help to keep them temperate, whether they "take the pledge" or not, when they grow up to manhood, so much the better for themselves and for society at large.

Of course, their diet is simple, but it is good and wholesome. The kitchen is provided with one of those wonderfully compact cooking-stoves with which seamen are so much more conversant than landmen—stoves in which dinner is cooked for one hundred hungry mouths in a space a little larger than an ordinary range; and the boys are taught to do as much of the cooking as possible. The scullery-work is of course theirs; and if they crack any of the crockery, they have to pick as much oakum as will pay for it. Washing-day coming round in due course, there are alliances at hand to enable the boys to wash what small amount of washable clothing they wear, of which the chief is blue and white checked shirt. Jackets and trowsers having a propensity to wear out, the boys are taught to mend and furnish them up; while a seamstress kindly and patiently instructs them in the use of the sewing-machine and the needle, to make their own shirts and cloth caps, and to make up bed-linen, etc. For shoes, also, the wherewithal is provided, in the forms of instruction and leather. Their bedsteads are hammocks, hung from hooks driven into the beams. The bread is made on board; flour being bought in by the sack, and all the odds and ends necessary for the mixing, kneading, and baking being at hand.

Nor is the mind of these poor chaps left unengaged; they are taught to think as well as to work. A canvas curtain screens off a portion of the principal deck; and behind this curtain is the school-room, where books and slates introduce the boys to the mysteries of spelling, reading, writing, and the earlier rules of arithmetic, under proper superintendence, and at certain hours every day; while, at certain other times, divine service is performed. Of course, as many of the technicalities of ship-life are taught as may be practicable; doubtless, Bill, and Tom, and Jack are learning to furl the sail, manage the block-tackle, serve a hawser, weigh the anchor, and so forth; and they can undoubtedly boy the yards. No need for flogging here; Captain Alston knows that a kind word is worth more than a hard lash, especially when dealing with youngsters who have been snatched from the streets before their hearts have had time to get hardened. Old as the ship is, and bumble, in so far as being superseded by more formidable craft, there is very much good being done on board the Chichester.

#### The Greatest Eclipse Ever Known.

The magnitude of a solar eclipse depends on so many circumstances, that it very seldom happens that even a close approach takes place to the greatest possible continuance of total obscuration. It has been shown to be possible that the sun should be wholly obliterated from view by the passing moon for even seven minutes and fifty-eight seconds; yet no eclipse has taken place during the past two thousand years in which the totality has lasted longer than six minutes. During the total eclipse of 1860, which was considered sufficiently important to be made the object of scientific observation from nearly every country in Europe—England sending out the celebrated Himalaya expedition—the totality did not last four minutes.

The total eclipse visible in Sweden in 1851 was somewhat more considerable, but it lasted less than five minutes. We have to go back to the famous eclipse of June 17, 1493, the occurrence of which was long remembered by the people of Scotland as the *Black Hour*, before we meet with one which lasted more than five minutes and a half. And thence we must go back over no less than two thousand and eighteen years, to the eclipse of Thales (28th May, 585 B. C.), before we find another of similar magnitude.

When we consider what are the conditions which must be fulfilled in order that an eclipse should be the greatest possible, we shall readily understand why it is that no such eclipse has yet taken place, and why so few present even an approach to the maximum duration of totality.

In the first place, the sun should be at his greatest distance from the earth, in order that he may look as small as possible. We know that this happens in the beginning of July. Therefore, the nearer the epoch of an eclipse to this date, the longer will be the duration of totality, so far as this particular condition is concerned.

Secondly, the moon must be as near as possible to the earth. But, as respects this condition, there is less simplicity than with regard to the former. Once in every lunar month the moon is in perigee, but the lunar month is not commensurate with the year, so that we cannot name any fixed date at which the moon will be at her least distance from the earth. Nor is this all. The figure of the moon's orbit is continually fluctuating in form and varying in size, so that at some of her perigees she is further off than at others. It is

only at long intervals that she is at the *absolute* perigee of her orbit.

Lastly, the moon's distance from the earth's surface varies according to the point of the surface from which we estimate it, and is clearly least for that point which is on the line joining the centres of the earth and moon. Therefore, in order that the moon may look as large as possible, she must be seen in the zenith; and it follows, of course, that the sun must be in the zenith, in order that there may be an eclipse of maximum duration. But the sun never rises to the zenith except at places within the tropics. Hence, an eclipse of maximum duration can only happen in tropical countries.

When to the causes which have been enumerated above, we add the infrequency of solar eclipses, and the fact that many of them are partial, and more are annular, we see why it is that long intervals separate the more important total eclipses, and that not one eclipse in many hundreds of years exhibits a close approach to the maximum duration of totality.

The eclipse of 17th August last was remarkable for the closeness with which two of the three conditions named above were approximated to. As the eclipse occurred in August, the sun was not very close to his apogee, a relation which, as already mentioned, holds in the beginning of July. But the moon was not only very close to the perigee of her orbit, but the perigee was one of unusual proximity; and where the eclipse took place at noon, the sun was only two and a half degrees from the zenith. The combination of these favorable circumstances led to a totality lasting no less than six minutes and fifty seconds, a duration unprecedented within historical times, and which is unlikely to have any parallel for ten or twenty centuries.

In this great eclipse the shadow touched the earth first near Gondar, in Abyssinia. Thence it swept across the strait of Bab-el-Mandeb, the zone of totality covering Perim, Mocha, and Aden. Leaving Arabia by the Cape Ras-Furtak, the shadow traversed a portion of the course of the mail-steamer from Aden to Bombay, and entered the peninsula of India between Gop and Rajapoor. After crossing the peninsula, the shadow traversed the Gulf of Siam and the islands of Borneo and Celebes. The shadow left the earth near the New Hebrides, where totality began at sunset.

It may seem, at first sight, that the region traversed by the eclipse is inconveniently situated; and certainly, an eclipse visible in Europe would have a better chance of being closely watched. But, as a matter of fact, an eclipse of this magnitude cannot take place in Europe; and of all places in which such an eclipse can take place, that is, of all places in or near the tropics, the region actually traversed by the eclipse is the most favorable. Let any one take a terrestrial globe, and having first examined the nature and extent of the track of totality indicated above, let him seek for any corresponding region within the tropics which shall contain as many stations where Europeans could take part in the observation. He will find that no other region of similar extent is even comparable with the actual track of the eclipse in this respect. In fact, it is not going too far to say, that if the track of totality had lain anywhere else (within the tropics), save on or near its actual position, the eclipse would hardly have been made the object of expeditions from Europe. As it is, the eclipse began just on the borders of the habitable parts of Africa, traversed the most favorable part of the Indian peninsula, and parts of the East Indies which have been civilized by the Dutch. It might seem that it would be sufficient if the eclipse were visible from only one place that could be conveniently reached, and especially if (as is the case in parts of India,) there were an almost absolute certainty of the prevalence of fine weather. But in reality this is not the case. The chief interest of an eclipse centres on the observation of those singular red masses which are observed to project beyond the outline of the sun's disk at the time of total obscuration; and astronomers have long been anxious to know whether these objects are liable to processes of change. The only chance of determining whether this is the case, lies in the observation of the totality from places separated by wide intervals.

It is somewhat unfortunate that the Dutch astronomers should have suffered so favorable an opportunity of advancing our knowledge of solar physics to escape them. No observations were made, we understand, from any part of Borneo or Celebes. But the Prussian government sent out an expedition to Aden, at the other end of the track of totality; and along the whole of the Indian part of the track, the eclipse has been well observed, since there was a French, a Roman, and three English expeditions, well provided with all the appliances of modern astronomy—telescopes, polariscopes, spectrometers, and photographic apparatus. All who are interested in the progress of scientific research must rejoice to see that the greatest eclipse ever known was carefully watched. We hope that the expeditions have met with a success which will reward them for all the difficulties they may have encountered.

#### Grand Regatta of the Hudson River Rowing Association, Sept. 10th, off the Elysian Fields, Hoboken—Close of the Fourth Race—The Mutuals leading on the Homestretch.

The second annual regatta of the Hudson River Rowing Association took place on the afternoon of the 10th inst., on the North River, opposite the Elysian Fields. The races were announced to take place at about two o'clock, and shortly before that time steamers and small sailing and rowing craft of every description were lying off the Elysian Fields. At about two o'clock the George Sands, a large barge chartered by the Atlanta Boat Club, and crowded with ladies, was towed up to near the lower part of the Weehawken Dock, where she was anchored, and her tug, the Deer,

carrying the boating members of the club, steamed slowly down to the starting point. The shores of the Elysian Fields were crowded with pleasure-seekers of both sexes, who had thronged together to give due honor to the manly efforts of their brothers who pulled at the oar.

Shortly after three o'clock, the competitors were called for the first race, and in a few moments the sport of the afternoon had commenced. The interest of the regatta centred on the last race, which was for a six-oared out-rigger gig, the prize being the champion flag and a handsome gold medal for each of the winning crew. Four clubs were represented in this race, the Gulick, Columbia, Mutual (of Albany), and the Atlanta. The favorites were the Atlanta and Gulick. An excellent start was made, and for a mile the Columbia was the only one out of line. At the stroke-boat the Mutual turned first, closely followed by the rest. On the homestretch she drew away handsomely from her competitors, and came in winner amid great cheering. Time—Mutual, 20 minutes; Atlanta, 21:05; Gulick, 23:15; Columbia, 25:20. The time of the Mutuals is the best made on the course, and they take the champion flag to Albany.

#### Fall Meeting of the Springfield Club, at Springfield, Mass., September 8th.

The fall meeting of the Springfield Club opened at Springfield, Mass., on Tuesday, September 8th. The weather was favorable, and the track and horses were in prime condition; the attendance was very large, and the utmost interest was manifested throughout the day. Our illustration represents the general view of the Club Grounds during the first day's races. The meeting was continued during three days, and was entirely satisfactory to the members and the public in attendance.

#### Representative Women at Long Branch.

WHILE here I have noticed the difference between the women of New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and Baltimore, in the same station in life. Any one who has traveled can detect the difference at once.

The New Yorker is the most stylish, the most artificial, and the most intense, with an evident effort at self-suppression, never quite successful. She is more elaborately and expensively dressed than any of her sisters, allowing love of display to get the better of her taste, and a little inclined to be too *prononce*. She is independent, self-reliant, self-asserting, throwing out challenges, by her manner, to all her masculine friends, as if she said: "Make love to me if you choose. I can take care of myself. Be on your guard, and I will be on mine." Her self-confidence is too great. The woman who believes too much in herself is always in danger, for every experience is a revelation to her.

The Philadelphian is demure, and a trifle shy, very quiet, gentle, ever Quaker-like; improves upon acquaintance, is not brilliant, never surprises you, bores you a little by talking of family, and of distinguished Philadelphians you never heard of. You may think her plain at first, but at the end of a few hours she has grown pretty. She is more prudent than her sex generally, but like them, will forget the names of gentlemen when her heart is touched. She is liable to misunderstand mere gallantry, and you see in her eye that she is wondering what papa would say of you as a son-in-law, when you are simply trying to be agreeable.

The Bostonian wears eye-glasses, though her glance be like the eagle's. She is rather pale and slight, and somewhat stiff, with a deal of fire under that covering of snow. A sentimental at heart, she declares she hates sentiment, and approaches you on the intellectual plane. She talks science first, then mental philosophy, then history, then biography, then pure literature, then romance, and poetry last. But touching poetry, she dwells on it. It is plainly her affinity. She thinks Emerson and Holmes write better poetry than Shelley or Tennyson, and believes one of Bronson Alcott's verses spiritually beautiful.

If you speak of love, and men and women, she is silent at the beginning, but are long out comes her heart-history, first valed in generalities, and then given in the grateful form of a confidence. The statue has melted. She asks you if you think her foolish. You assure her she is charming. She pronounces you a flatterer, and her rising color shows she believes you are fond of her. If you and she are alone, you kiss her hand, or her cheek, or her lips—all of them perhaps—and you go away, to forget her before you sleep. She, devoted creature, remembers you until the next morning.

The Baltimorean is self-conscious, va'n, egotistic, complacent. She doesn't like Northern men, she tells you fondly, and adds she is sorry you are from this side of Mason and Dixon's Line. She is a genuine coquette. She blows hot and cold; is flattery and satirical. You are on the eve of going away from her, when she says, "Forgive me," and holds out her little hand, which you cannot refuse, so long as it is not given in marriage. The second hour is very different from the first, and the third from the second, and in the fourth you fancy you have known her six months. All this, of course, if you are sympathetic with her and the others; for the sun and the moon are not more opposite than a woman when you do and do not know her.

The Baltimorean likes to be flattered, and to try experiments upon men, much as men do upon women. She thinks you, perhaps, a very agreeable fellow, and you remember her as an interesting flirt. You and she agree to correspond, and never do. You meet a month or two after in the city; recognize each other coldly and formally, and Cupid laughs behind the smiling rose of offended Hebe.

**SUICIDE OF A BRILLIANT FRENCHMAN.**—Much interest is being manifested among the old residents of New Orleans in regard to the recent suicide of Mr. A. Causaur. For more than twenty years he has been a resident of New Orleans, and during the most of that period has occupied a prominent place in society. Lately he had fallen into evil courses and great poverty, but maintained his footing in good society. He was the son of a colonel of cavalry in the armies of Napoleon I, and was born in the island of Martinique, during a mission of his father to that colony, but he was raised in France, and received an education of the highest order. He has always been recognized as a man of culture, and during the latter part of his life was correspondent of the *Courrier des Etats-Unis*. He was at one time engaged in the labor of making sugar, and in granulating was regarded as the most skillful man in the State. He was subsequently employed in the French Consul's office at the time of the seizure of the eight hundred thousand dollars by General Butler, belonging to the Citizen's Bank, but in consequence of some transactions growing out of that event, he has lost his estate and the favor of his friends was withdrawn. He sank into poverty, but somehow contrived always to be elegantly dressed. The immediate cause of his death was the refusal of his landlord to extend him further credit. A brilliant man of the world, he now fills a pauper's grave.

SEVERAL years ago an eminent divine predicted that in a few years the citizens of Boston would have Chinese servants in their houses. Paterfamilias referred to this at the breakfast-table, one morning, when little Minnie, after a while, came to his chair, and whispered, "Oh! pa, won't it be nice! We shall have a Chinese servant, and she will eat all the rats, so we won't have to keep a cat!"

## THE HARRINGTON LEAD MINES, MISSOURI.—FROM SKETCHES BY JAMES E. TAYLOR.

## The Harrington Lead Mines of Missouri.

The Harrington lead mines are located on a sugar-loaf mountain, one mile from the Marriack river, which empties into the Mississippi below St. Louis, Mo. There are five levels or strata of lead ore running through the hill, but, owing to mismanagement on the part of the men holding claims to the tract, as well as a want of sufficient capital, only one of them is now being worked.

Our first sketch represents the method of striking the level by sinking a shaft. As soon as the vein is struck, the miners measure the distance from the surface, by which they are enabled to determine a point of the hillside most suitable for their excavations. As lead ores are generally received from the mines, they require considerable treatment before being in a proper condition for the furnace. The earthy matters adhering to them may be washed away by exposing the ores to a current of water; but before the intermixed gangues and foreign ores can be separated, the lumps must be reduced to small fragments, and the fine materials subjected to a systematic dressing. The larger lumps are reduced by hand upon an iron-top table, or on stones, by means of a cast-iron plate with a face three inches square, and a socket on the upper side for a handle. They may also be broken by being passed through crushing-rolls. Two kinds of furnaces are used in the United States for smelting lead ores, the reverberatory, and the Scotch hearth. Besides these, a small high or blast furnace is sometimes employed, especially in the treatment of silicious refractory ores. But the furnaces most commonly used in our Western States are nothing more than large crucibles built in brickwork, and open at the top. They have an aperture in the back for the tuyère, and another at the base in front for the metal, after it is separated, to run out into a receptacle in the ground. The fuel employed is wood, and the ordinary stove coal.

The company now working the Harrington mines is known as the Missouri Smelting and Mining Land Company, and own a tract of land embracing 75,000 acres, and situated principally in Franklin county, Missouri.

## A ROYAL FAMILY.

Her Britannic Majesty and her three younger children, Louisa, Leopold, and Beatrice, left Osborne Bay on the 5th of August, for a visit to France. They had "royal weather" the whole way. The Channel was smooth as glass, and the Victoria and Albert skimmed along its surface like a swallow flying from northern inclemencies. Cherbourg was reached in the evening. Dinner was served on board the royal yacht. The Queen passed the evening in the round-house, and at eleven, with her son and daughters and suite, descended into the Albert, a tender which preceded her, and from it landed on the jetty of the Arsenal dock. Not a grain of powder was fired, nor a single flag run up. The dockyard employés had orders to retire as the royal widow passed.

On disembarking, the Queen was presented with a telegram from the Emperor, dated from Plombières, making her welcome to French soil. Her Majesty, without a moment's delay, stepped into the state railway car provided for her. She and the Princesses occupied the sleeping compartments of

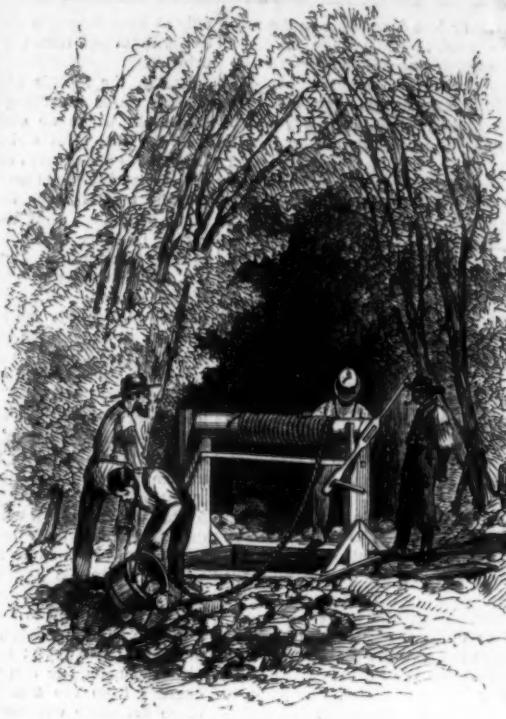
pliant. Such of her witticisms as have got into the papers are very poor and of questionable taste.

Leopold is the invalid of the family. He takes entirely after his mother, save in his tall stature. He is counted at home an invalid, which is all the better for the nation, as there will be no excuse for getting him a General's or Admiral's pay a little later. The Queen wishes him to turn his attention to art and literature. *Mois élégé pour faire.* His Royal Highness has no head of wit. Those surface eyes do not find food for reflection in what passes before them.

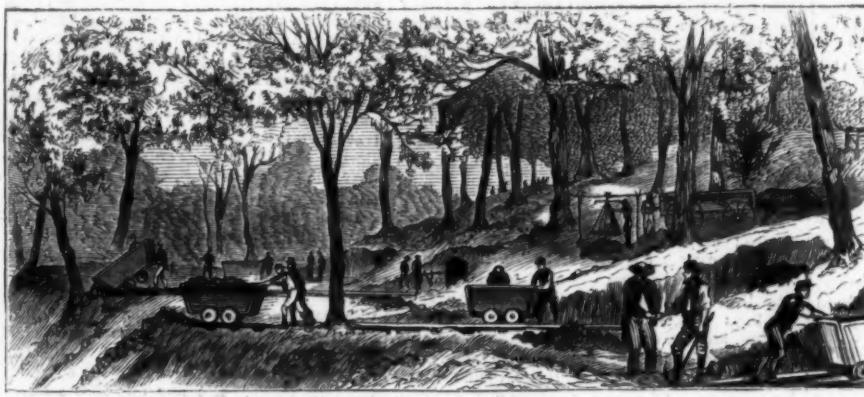
The street adjoining the terminus, through which the royal party passed, was much less crowded than I had expected. A few policemen, who busied themselves by officiously pushing back spectators on the curbstones, were about. There was but little excitement, and no cheering to signify. One enthusiastic Englishman huzzaed till he was black in the face. His neighbors stared at him, taking him, no doubt, for a harmless lunatic.

A second carriage conveyed Lord Lyons. It was an

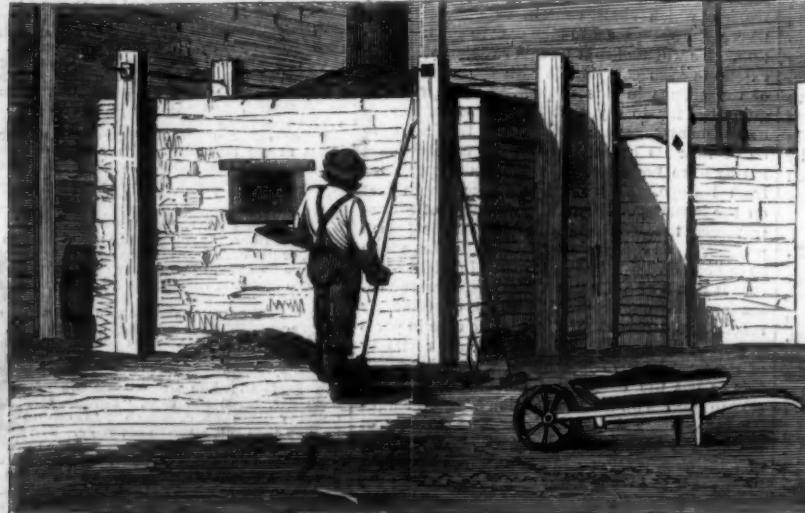
paler, and those prominent teeth, which gave her a shrewish expression, when she attempted to conceal them, have given place to false ones infinitely more becoming. Though in her forty-ninth year,



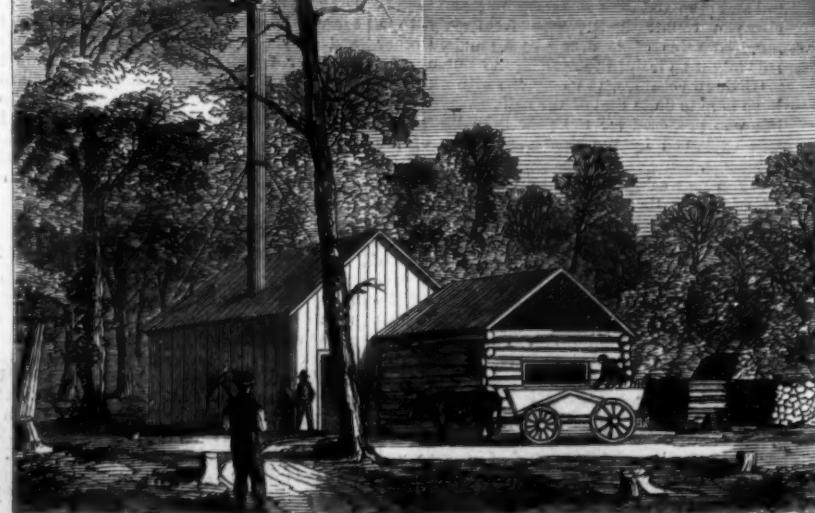
SINKING THE SHAFT.



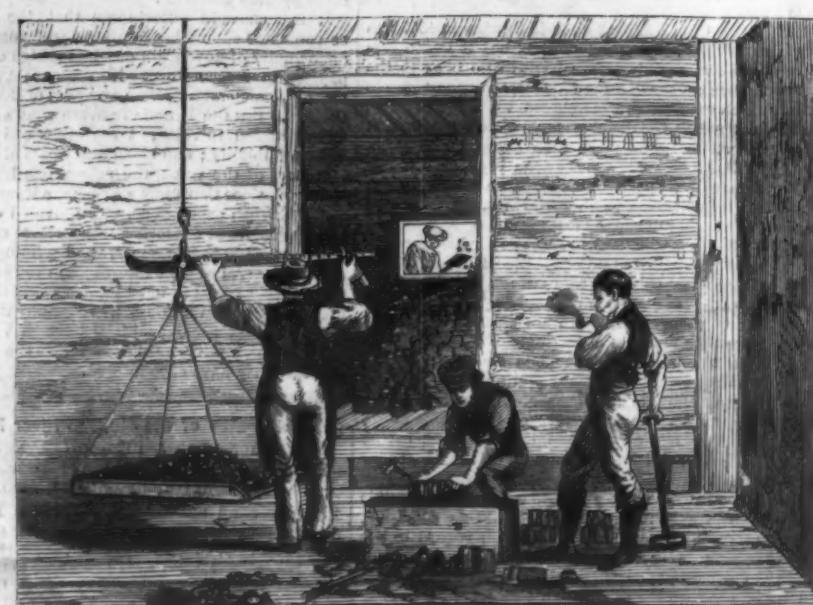
ENTRANCE TO THE MINES.



PORTION OF THE SMELTING FURNACE.



EXTERIOR VIEW OF THE SMELTING FURNACE.



BREAKING AND WEIGHING THE MINERAL.

the Emperor and Empress, and young Leopold that built for the Prince Imperial. The Marchioness of Ely, Miss Bowater, Sir Thomas and Lady Biddulph, were assigned a comfortable saloon wagon, furnished with sofas and tables. The thirty footmen, cooks, housemaids and *femmes de chambre*, with the exception of two who were in attendance for the night on the Queen and her daughters, had a train of first-class carriages. The luggage had been sent on at seven o'clock to Paris. It is understood that the Queen slept throughout the greater part of the journey, which was accomplished in eight hours. She reached the St. Lazare terminus at five minutes before seven. General Fleury was there awaiting her to compliment her in the names of the Emperor and Empress. He was presented by Lord Lyons, and the Queen chatted with him for about three minutes. She then got into one of Lord Lyons' carriages, which had entered the railway station open, but by her orders was shut before she left.

The Princess Louisa took her place beside her mother on the left side. She is a beautiful girl, fair, tall and graceful, like a lily, with well-cut features, a pensive cast of countenance, and blue, German eyes. Her walk is singularly distinctive. Her Royal Highness wore a long and narrow-skirted silk dress, with a short, loose jacket of the same stuff, trimmed with white fringe. The bonnet was unmistakably English. It is only in England that white tulle is worn at seven in the morning. A more sepiete straw hat is in better taste at such an early hour.

"Little Beatrice," as courtier poets call her, is an ugly child, with dry, frayed hair and wizened countenance. She has a self-conscious, pert manner, not pleasing to a girl of her age. It was noticed that while her elder sister carried her muffling on her arm, the little one threw hers with a peevish toss of the head to her governess. I am glad that the heirs of all the great Protestant crowns are either disposed of in marriage, or too young for her. Princess Beatrice is set up as a wit by her brothers and sisters, none of whom are bril-

unpretending couple. The ladies and gentlemen in attendance were in a third, and Dr. Jenner, in well-brushed broadcloth, in a fourth. The *Valentines* were consigned to railway omnibuses. There was greater desire evinced to get a peep at the renowned John Brown than to see the Queen. As he is exempted from the general order which imposes mourning on the royal household, and allowed to wear his kilt and other adjuncts of the Highland costume, he must have been easily discernible. I did not, I must however, confess, catch the slightest glimpse of him. The French papers describe him as a "Scotch clad, whose fortune the Queen has made." All who saw the Queen here in 1855 agree in thinking that she has improved in personal appearance of late years. She is said by them to be less gross, and sweet-looking. Her face has grown

her hair is of a fine nut-brown color, and thick at the parting.

## The Last Monster—A Mormon Serpent.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Deseret News*, published in Salt Lake City, tells the marvelous story of a species of monstrous animal in Bear Lake, Utah Territory. He says:

"The Indians say there is a monster animal which lives in the lake, that has captured and carried away Indians while in the lake swimming; but they say it has not been seen by them for many years—not since the buffalo inhabited the valley. They represent it as being of the serpent kind, but having legs about eighteen inches long, on which it sometimes crawls out of the water a short distance on the shore. They also say it spouts water upward out of its mouth."

"Since the settlement of this valley, several persons have reported seeing a huge animal of some kind that they could not describe; but such persons have generally been alone when they saw it, and but little credence has been attached to the matter, and until summer the 'monster question' had about died out."

"About three weeks ago Mr. S. M. Johnson, who lives on the east side of the lake, at a place called South Eden, was going to the Round Valley settlement, six miles to the south of this place, and when about half way he saw something in the lake which, at the time, he thought to be a drowned person. The road being so little distance from the water's edge, he rode to the beach, and as the waves were running pretty high, he thought it would soon wash in to shore. In a few minutes two or three feet of some kind of an animal that he had never seen before were raised out of the water. He did not see the body, only the head and what was supposed to be a part of the neck. It had ears or bunches on the side of its head, nearly as large as a pint cup. The waves at times would dash over its head, when it would throw water from its mouth or nose. It did not drift landward, but appeared stationary, with the exception of turning its head. Mr. Johnson thought a portion of the body must lie on the bottom of the lake, or it would have drifted with the action of the water. This is Mr. Johnson's version, as he told me."

"The next day an animal of a monster kind was seen near the same place by a man and three women, who said it was swimming when they first saw it. They represent it as being very large, and say it swam much faster than a horse could run on land."

"On Sunday last, as N. C. Davis and Allen Davis, of St. Charles, and Thomas Slight and J. Collings, of Paris, with six women, were returning from Fish Haven, when about midway from the latter-named place to St. Charles their attention was suddenly attracted to a peculiar motion or wave in the water, about three miles distant. The lake was not rough, only a little disturbed by a light wind. Mr. Slight says he distinctly saw the sides of a very large animal that he would suppose to be not less than ninety feet in length. Mr. Davis don't think he (Davis) saw any part of the body, but is positive it must have been not less than forty feet in length, judging by the wave it rolled up on both sides of it as it swam, and the wake it left in the rear. It was going south, and all agreed that it swam with a speed almost incredible to their senses."

Mr. Davis says he never saw a locomotive travel faster and thinks it must have made a mile a minute easy. In a few minutes after the discovery of the first a second one followed in its wake, but seemed to be much smaller, appearing to Mr. Slight about the size of a horse. A larger one followed this, and so on till four larger ones in all and six small ones had run southward out of sight. One of the larger ones, disappearing, made a sudden turn to the west a short distance, then back to its former track. At this turn Mr. Slight says he could distinctly see it was of a brownish color. They could judge somewhat of their speed by observing known distance on the other side of the lake, and all agree that the velocity with which they propelled themselves through the water was astonishing. They represent the waves that rolled up in front and on each side of them as being three feet high from where they stood. This is substantially their statement as they told me. Messrs. Davis and Slight are prominent men, well-known in the county, and all of them are reliable persons, whose veracity is undoubted. I have no doubt they would be willing to make affidavits to their statement."

A DISTINGUISHED Judge, who was noted for his extreme politeness, on a certain occasion condemned a man who had been found guilty on a charge of murder, to imprisonment for three years. The clerk of the court, noticing the error, whispered to the Judge reminding him of the nature of the case.

"Oh, prisoner!" he exclaimed, "I beg your pardon, but come back. I really did not premeditate this unfortunate occurrence, but, to speak plainly, you've got to be hanged." And rising in his chair, he addressed the prisoner, in tones of the utmost dignity, and designated the hour at which the execution should take place.

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TERrible CASE OF HYDROPHOBIA.

## HOME INCIDENTS.

## Terrible Case of Hydrophobia.

A most singular case of hydrophobia was developed recently at Louisville, Ky. About three weeks ago, a negro woman named Martha Holland, who has for some time past been the employ of Mr. Brasier, and worked as a field hand upon his place in Christian county, about nine miles west of Hopkinsville, in that State, was bitten in the calf of the left leg by a dog. The wound was small, and as no evil effects were anticipated, nothing beyond the ordinary treatment with simple applications was resorted to. About one week after the biting occurred, unmistakable symptoms were manifested of the dreadful affliction, that has apparently transformed the poor servant-girl, who has always been a good, faithful servant, from a rational being to a most helpless, senseless, raving maniac. The first decided evidence of her condition was given by the girl maniac and running after Mrs. Brasier, who was rescued by her son, James Brasier, who caught the girl and tied her; but in doing so Martha scratched him, from the effects of which he has since gone mad, and is now in the asylum at Hopkinsville, being treated. His condition is almost as bad as that of the girl. After this became known in the neighborhood, a meeting was held by the people, and they sentenced the girl to be shot. The execution of the sentence was delayed, and finally revoked, and it was decided to send the girl to the Lunatic Asylum at Lexington, as that is the only institution in the State where colored patients of this character are received. Every officer but one in Christian county declined to take the girl in charge to deliver her to the keeper of the asylum in Lexington. This one is the well and favorably-known Deputy-Sheriff James A. Bobbitt, who deserves well for daring to perform such a perilous undertaking. To prevent the possibility of further harm to others, as the girl was constantly trying to bite or scratch her custodians, her toe and finger-nails were closely-trimmed, and all her teeth were extracted. She was assigned to a cell, and immediately stripped herself of her clothing. Her conduct still continues boisterous, but indicates no bodily pain. She will sing; call the names of acquaintances, whistle, curse, jump and wallow about on the floor like a monkey or grasshopper.

## Not Dangerous.

A shrewd adventurer recently made his appearance in Quebec, Canada, an exhibitor of performing bears. He advertised extensively, and, as a natural consequence, the people flocked in large crowds to witness the manœuvres of his wonderful animals. After having given several entertainments to delighted audiences, the "manager" was informed that the authorities were apprehensive of danger to the public on account of the freedom of his animals, and that he must bring his performances in that city to a close. Unwilling to withdraw from a place where he had met with such a flattering and remunerative reception, he insisted on being permitted to continue his exhibition, assuring the offi-



NOT DANGEROUS.



FATAL ACCIDENT AT A VIRGINIA WATERING PLACE.

cials that no harm would befall any of the citizens if they remained outside the rope forming the ring. But his overtures were promptly repulsed, and on remonstrating with him, he was ordered under arrest, and in the company of his "performing bears," was marched to the station-house. The judge, on seeing the singular party enter the room, became frightened, and was about to flee, but before he could reach his hat, the prisoner with his charges stood directly before him. On learning the exact cause of his arrest, the man turned to his pots, who were lying quietly on the floor, and at a signal they reared up on their hind legs, and slowly walked up to the astonished man of law. At a second signal they commenced unfastening their heads, which soon fell over on their backs, disclosing a party of roguish boys. A merry shout rose from the spectators, and they acknowledged that the stranger had fairly gained a point on a lawyer.

## Fatal Accident at a Virginia Watering Place.

A shocking accident occurred at Alleghany Springs, Va., on Monday, August 31st, which resulted in the death of one of the visitors at that delightful watering-place. A party, consisting of about a dozen ladies and gentlemen, went on an excursion to the falls not far from the Springs. Among them was Mr. R. R. Stiles, a son of Rev. Dr. Stiles. Soon after the party had arrived at the falls, Mr. Stiles, to amuse himself, climbed a tall pine tree which stands on the brink of the stream. Having gone up a distance of probably forty or fifty feet, he went out on a large limb overhanging the rocky gorge beneath, and while there, holding another limb overhead, he lost his footing and fell to the chasm below, the bed of which is of solid rock. Of course, the result was instant death. His head was crushed, his right leg shattered, and his body otherwise mangled. The effect was appalling on those who were present and witnessed the terrible affair. Up to that moment all had been life and gaiety and exuberance, and in an instant the scene was changed to one of terror, dismay and anguish.

## A Wonderful Dog.

A few nights ago Mr. Williams, who resides about four miles west of Springfield, Robertson county Tenn., let a neighbor, Mr. Pettit, have the use of his dog to assist and protect him from chicken thieves. About twelve o'clock on the same night a burglar entered the stable of Mr. Williams and stole therefrom a young bay mare, with a saddle and bridle, and was riding along the road past Mr. Pettit's house, when the dog commenced barking, and breaking his chain, bounded over the fence and dashed after the horseman at full speed. The chase continued for four miles, when the horse stumbled and fell. The dog rushed up and immediately attacked it, it is supposed, the daring thief, who fired three shots at the animal, but missed him, as no marks was found upon him. Whether the dog closed in upon the thief, or whether the thief took to his heels across the country, has not been ascertained, but the dog caught hold of the bridle lines in his



A WONDERFUL DOG.



DESPERATE ASSAULT ON A PRISON KEEPER.

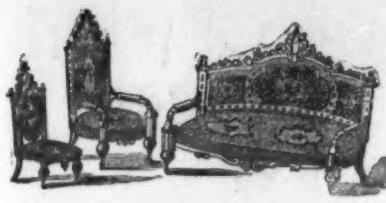


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